

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Not so 'fail-safe'

The Secretary of the Electrical Nuclear Industry has set up a Pressure Vessel Inspection and Validation Centre precisely because a pressure vessel of the type proposed for Sizewell B could well go ping if not constructed with great care and to a higher standard than we are accustomed to.

I am at a loss to see how the failure of a PWR pressure vessel is safer than the failure of a Candu pressure tube. I am equally at a loss to see how the rapid failure of any pressure vessel can be described as "fail-safe."

R. V. Heskeith, Lower Stone, Berkeley, Gloucestershire.

High-altitude hypoxia

We have read recently of people who climb high mountains without a source of oxygen. Insufficient oxygen and extreme cold are two important hazards encountered in the Himalayas. The brain is sensitive to insufficient oxygen (hypoxia) and can easily be permanently damaged. In contrast, a very low body temperature (hypothermia) can actually protect the subject against hypoxia.

A situation where hypoxia is possible and well known to cause permanent brain damage is that encountered by an infant (however husky) during a prolonged and difficult labor. The phrase "Mount Everest in utero" has been used by physiologists.

Is it really sporting to struggle valiantly against hypoxia? The Oxford English Dictionary defines a sport as a "pleasant pastime" and the Random House Dictionary as "an athletic activity requiring skill or physical prowess." Train-

Tied up in knots

I agreed with most of what your reviewer, Christopher Hitchins, had to say about Baden-Powell and the Scout movement. However, I must take exception to his final paragraph.

Mr Hitchins can tie sheepshanks in his sleep until he snores; he'll never join two ropes of different sizes with it. The knot that he's searching through his boyhood dreams for is the sheet bend, also known in Yorkshire and Lancashire mills as the weaver's knot.

M. Neil Copeland, PO Box 99, Armadale, Nova Scotia.

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Why it is so important to operate the pressure-vessel failure. The consequences of getting "hooked" to atomic energy may be more far-reaching.

Hypocrisy and the monster we have created

Your correspondents are jumping all over Brian Thomas (Letters, August 10) for allegedly theorising that the Greenpeace photographer's death in Auckland last July was his own fault or caused by harbour authorities' negligence. He didn't. He ironised broadly about the very selective emphasis of a Le Monde reporter's article which left precisely that impression — that the poor chap unfortunately did himself in. Thomas just kicked the door in and let the implicitly bitter parody run free.

The review of the book "Inquest into three state secrets" (Le Monde section, September 7) stating that everybody who was anybody in France except Prime Minister Fabius (but including President Mitterand) knew in advance about the attack and lied about it afterwards, and the avowal by the previous head of France's secret services on a recent television interview that those services had been behind numerous Greenpeace tribulations anywhere from the bowels of the engine room to the bowels of the crew, leaves us with an image of malign monkeying and paranoid vengefulness mind-bogglingly at odds with the dignified, solemn *honneur* at the base of the *gloire* of this patrie, which is the compulsively polished image presented for consumption at home as well as abroad.

All major nations seem enmeshed in such deceit and hypocrisy, forced continually to feed and placate the insatiable monster they have created — the "noble" image of the nation. Greenpeace and kindred groupings represent a very different way of being and of doing. It is a far, far better one.

Michael Randolph, St Paul Cap de Joux, France.

M. Neil Copeland, PO Box 99, Armadale, Nova Scotia.

D. J. Stewart, Wiltshire, Cheshire.

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Role of violence in Rosa's revolution

Derek Malcolm (September 7) is quite right to say that "No film in London at the moment has more serious intent or raises more important questions" than does Margaretha von Trotta's Rosa Luxemburg.

So it is unfortunate that his short review of this excellent film contains two major errors which will mislead readers.

He claims that Karl Liebknecht, who was murdered on the same night as her in January 1919, was "her lover." This just is not true. They were both murdered because they worked closely together in opposing the First World War and in calling for revolution after it.

He refers to Rosa as a "pacifist." This too is misleading. She was a vehement opponent of imperialist war and hated any sort of bloodshed. But she was also a major Marxist thinker who insisted that war is a product of the division of society into classes.

Her most ambitious work, The Accumulation of Capital, set out to explain in this way the drive to war that ultimately led to World War One. Her conclusion was that the horror of war could not be ended without the forcible overthrow of existing society.

Such reasoning meant she was not an opponent of all violence. In Warsaw in the revolutionary winter of 1905-06 she argued that the next step in the fight against Tsarism required socialists to "arm the most advanced workers" and to

Look, no feet

In Moscow in April I paid £1.85 for a ticket to see the Bolshoi Ballet, struggled through a crowd of Muscovites asking for tickets, bought my programme for 25p, and watched "Giselle" from the top tier of the beautiful Bolshoi theatre. From this bird's-eye view the tops of the dancers' heads were in view, but I could see the whole of the performance and the orchestra.

In Manchester in August I paid £22 for a ticket to see the Bolshoi Ballet, struggled through a crowd of Mancunians, all protesting, bought a programme for £3 and watched "Divertissement" from the front row of the stalls of the Palace theatre. From this view virtually under the stage, the feet of the dancers were seldom visible and only half the stage could be seen.

D. J. Stewart, Wiltshire, Cheshire.

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"prepare plans for street fighting." In a similar vein, she warned a Berlin in December 1919 that the ruling class would be prepared to use the bloodiest means to maintain its grip on society. "It is madness to believe that capitalists will ever submit to the verdict of socialist parliamentary majority and abandon their property, their profits and their privileges of exploiting their fellow men." And she argued, the mass of workers has to be prepared to use "revolutionary violence" against the ruling minority.

What she did, rightly, point out was that the violence of the majority of society fighting for emancipation would be on a much smaller scale than that used by minority ruling classes.

Her warnings were vindicated by subsequent events. The failure of the German working class movement forcibly to disarm the upper classes in 1919 not only permitted the murder of Rosa and many of her comrades, it also left intact the forces that put Hitler in power in 1933.

Margaretha von Trotta's film focuses attention on the life of a very great and inspiring woman. But it would be completely to distort the meaning of that life to forget that Rosa came down decisively on one side against the other in the argument over reform and revolution.

Chris Harman, London E3 3LH.

Rhodes's Oxbridge degrees

Your reviewer of the book "Oxford and the Black Man's Burden" (August 24) states: "Rhodes never really knew Oxford at first hand. His honorary degree, like that of Mrs Thatcher was opposed by some dons."

This, I am afraid, is but another item of disinformation on Rhodes Africa or South African Rhodes was admitted as an undergraduate to Oxford in 1873. After keeping his terms desultorily over a number of years he took a pass degree in 1881. An honorary degree came later.

I. E. Butler, Jurland Crescent, Port Elizabeth, SA.

Unrewarded effort

In answer to Mr Shaw's letter concerning expatriates and the vote (August 17) I would like to point out that the very reason most people go abroad is that Government policies make it almost impossible to earn a good standard of living in Britain. All too often many years of hard study and work go unrewarded and so we are left with little choice but to look elsewhere.

If by having the vote those of us abroad could help to elect a Government committed to higher employment, greater reward and less inhibiting tax, you would find that the (invariably highly qualified) expatriates would flood home and give the economy the boost it needs.

Angela Carter, Geneva.

NHS casualties

While in the casualty department of Hemei Hospital, I observed the nurses cutting patients' bed-sheets into triangles to replace the slings which I was told, the NHS is unable to provide.

Is this what is meant by Government cuts?

N. Condon, Hitchin, Hertfordshire.

Markets recovering their nerve

WALL STREET rallied on Monday amid reassuring noises from administration officials who said that there was now hope that Japan and West Germany would reduce their interest rates. London share prices also recovered strongly after the rout at the end of last week, which was almost entirely a response to what was going on in the US. By the close Wall Street showed a rise of 8.86 points at 1767.57.

In the aftermath of last week's huge losses, dealers had regained confidence over the weekend and the balance of opinion as the London markets opened appeared to be that the collapse had gone far enough.

It had started on the Thursday with the Dow Jones dropping 86.62 points to 1792.89, the biggest absolute fall in financial history. In percentage terms, however, the fall was the third largest drop since records have been kept, at 4.6 per cent off the 12.8 per cent fall as the great crash began on October 28, 1929. Small investors joined the professionals on the Friday. At the close then the Dow Jones was 84.17 points down at 1758.72.

By our Financial Staff

By Peter Rodgers

Why good news worries Wall Street

By Peter Rodgers

By Peter Rodgers

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The unexpected wildlife in London

by Ralph Whitlock

"THE autumn migration is starting," a colleague observed to me on a day in August. "This morning I saw the first wheatears on the downs."

My mind needed a little adjusting to this statement of fact, for when I served my apprenticeship in bird-watching there were wheatears on the downs all through the summer. Dozens of them nested in the innumerable rabbit-holes.

That same week I met a photographer looking for chalkhill blue butterflies and feeling very pleased at having at last located a colony. Had it been in the 1930s he would not have had far to search. I remember that as the binder circled the barley-fields on our downlands farm the air would be alive with blue butterflies — chalkhill and adonis blues as well as the common and small blues. But the downs where these and so many other creatures flourished have been ploughed, and the wheatears no longer nest there, while the chalkhill blues are confined to a few colonies.

The picture, however, is not one of unrelieved gloom, as I was reminded the other day by a new book, *Wild in London* (published this autumn by Michael Joseph at £8.95). David Goode, the author, is Head of the London Ecology Unit, so he could hardly be more knowledgeable on his subject. My own introduction to the natural history of London was the splendid and comprehensive volume, *London's Natural History*, which an old colleague of mine, Richard Pitter, prepared for publication in 1945. So it is highly instructive to learn what has been happening in the metropolis during the past forty

years. And not in London alone, for similar patterns can probably be traced in most large cities. The parallels with events in the countryside, too, are easy to trace.

For me the most interesting chapter is the final one, on the theme of *Losses and Gains*. And how encouraging to see that the author needs only three pages to cover the losses but 29 to deal with the gains.

Leaving aside the species, such as the raven, red kite, polecat, and pine marten, which disappeared from London centuries ago, the author pinpoints the rook as one bird which has failed to adapt itself to urban life. Early this century rooks were nesting a hundred yards from Marble Arch, but they are too dependent on farmland for food and now there are no rookeries in central London.

It is a very long time since a nightingale sang in Berkeley Square, or anywhere near it, though in the 1940s it was still common in the outer environs, as, for instance, Richmond, Norwood, and Epping, and just over a hundred years ago Richard Jefferies enjoyed listening to nightingales in Surbiton.

The disappearance of otters, red-backed shrikes and wrenches are part of a nationwide decline, the reasons for which are still controversial. In my father's day — nearly a hundred years ago — the red-backed shrike was common enough in rural Wiltshire to have a vernacular name — the "High mountain sparrow" — but I have not seen the bird for many years.

On the credit side of London's wildlife balance sheet crows, magpies, jays and starlings feature

prominently. Starlings roosting on tall buildings in central London are such a well-known feature of the city that it is surprising to be reminded that the habit has developed only within the past hundred years. W. H. Hudson noted its beginnings in the autumns of 1896 and 1897.

The familiar gulls, too, first became regular winter visitors only a hundred years ago, and W. H. Hudson again observed that a severe winter (1887/1888) was largely responsible for their venturing so far up-river. A recent count of gulls in mid-winter 1983 in the London area resulted in a total of over 250,000, of which 75% were black-headed gulls. Over the past twenty or thirty years, however, herring gulls have moved in and are now nesting regularly on rooftops in Whitehall and Westminster.

When for a few years in the late 1980s I lived in London I saw kestrels regularly in Marylebone Road and Portland Place, and I knew the location of several nests on ledges of tall buildings. David Goode says there are now more than 100 pairs nesting every year within Greater London. In the 1890s W. H. Hudson was extremely pessimistic about the kestrel ever returning to London, from which it had been banished by persecution.

Of smaller birds the blackbird has, as elsewhere, become thoroughly adapted to urban life, as have hedge-sparrows (dunnocks), blue tits, great tits and greenfinches, though chaffinches seem to have declined. The increase in greenfinches is a phenomenon noticeable in almost

every town and village.

Pied wagtails, which are intelligent birds (have you ever seen a pied wagtail as a road casualty? I never have), have been quick to appreciate the advantage of cities as warm winter roosts. They now have well established roosts in plane trees, holly bushes, laurels and sycamores in the very heart of the City. The author provides an excellent picture of wagtails roosting in a small maple tree in a shopping precinct and records that no fewer than 3,025 were counted, on a date in November 1978, going in to roost in the Civic Hall in Orpington.

David Goode naturally has much to say about urban foxes and badgers, and he notes, too, that collared doves, black redstarts and little ringed plovers have colonised the capital during the present century. What is more surprising is to find a page or so devoted to the ring-necked parakeet. "In the late 1980s," he writes, "people suddenly became aware of wild parakeets in a number of London suburbs." Now apparently they are widespread and well established as a breeding species. Out of the breeding season they collect in flocks for foraging and roosting. Obviously they originated from birds escaped from aviaries. Another unexpected colonist is the Mandarin duck, which is nesting in the wild along many of London's tributary rivers and is gradually edging its way deeper and deeper into London.

The message is encouraging. Clearly an increasing number of wild creatures is finding urban life not only supportable but even attractive, thanks to more tolerant attitudes by humans.

L. P. Samuels

A COUNTRY DIARY

CHESHIRE: On the Common, the heather is in full bloom, the blackberries are ripening, and the rowans are hung with great swags of scarlet fruit. The long spell of damp weather has brought out scores of toadstools of many kinds, including tawny grisettes, yellow-capped russula clavarioides with their thick white stems, funnel-shaped clitocybe flaccida, and in the oakwood, long-stemmed collybia dryophila. More attractive than these, however, were the numerous fly agarics with their scarlet caps flecked with white, the toadstools so beloved by the illustrators of fairy tales. A roadside tree-stump was completely covered by a huge colony of fan-shaped griffola gigantea comprising scores of overlapping individuals. Their short stems were so tough that a penknife was necessary to detach one of them.

Foxes continue to venture into populated areas. Recently a friend disturbed an adult specimen in his allotment close to the town centre. The animal became stuck in a narrow opening in the fence and before he could do anything, his dog leapt upon the fox, seized it by the back of its neck and killed it with one savage shake. The dog is a beautiful and gentle creature, a doberman-retriever cross. It had never been known to kill anything before.

The fauna and flora of insectivores is a fascinating subject, as it was most interesting to hear from a reader of a charm of goldfinches in the trees of a little garden and a pair of carrion crows on the top of a bank building in central Manchester.

L. P. Samuels

Keeping the Alliance together

The Week in Britain by James Lewis

SOCIAL Democrats went some way at their annual conference this week towards smoothing out the differences between themselves and their Alliance partners, the Liberals, on the thorny subject of nuclear defence, which suggests an awareness by both parties that this year's conferences could well be the last before a general election.

The Social Democrats, led — and largely dominated — by the former Labour Foreign Secretary, Dr David Owen, have always been in favour of an independent British nuclear deterrent and, therefore, of replacing the ageing Polaris submarine fleet. Liberals, with far more unilateralist members, want nothing to do with British nuclear weaponry even though their leader, Mr David Steel, favours a more compromising attitude in the interest of Alliance unity.

The youthful SDP, however, is growing up and learning that conferences can be stage managed. Some clever management this week ensured majority support for an Alliance commission report which simply leaves open the question of replacing Polaris pending a detailed policy agreement with the Liberals before the general election campaign.

It was not entirely to the liking of the SDP's defence spokesman, Mr John Cartwright, who did not want the question left open. "If we are seen to be putting our political interests before the defence of Britain we shall not get the confidence of the public, and nor shall we deserve it," he said. The Liberals will doubtless say something similar, if more rudely, at their conference later this month. Both sides, however, will be aware that unilateralism is less of a vote-loser than it was in 1983 and, according to the latest opinion poll, now commands itself to 44 per cent of the electorate.

Mr Steel, in pragmatic mood, urged his SDP allies not to agonise too much over the shape of the partnership. Labour was lost irretrievably to the left; the Government exhausted and dehumanised, he said. The Alliance offered the only real choice between an unreconstructed Labour Party and a burnt-out Conservative Government.

Mrs Thatcher, perhaps also limbering up for an election, carried out a minor reshuffle of her ministerial ranks mainly designed, it seemed, to reassure the right wing of the party. Seven ministers, mostly of a dampish disposition, were dismissed, two left voluntarily, and another, Mr Peter Morrison, left ministerial office to become second deputy chairman of the Conservative Party.

The most notable promotion was that of Mrs Edwina Currie, a scold in the Prime Minister's own image, to be Under Secretary for Health. Most of those dismissed — Timothy Raison (Foreign Office), Barney Hayhoe (Health) and George Young (Environment) — were evidently guilty of failing to "sell" some of the less popular Thatcherite policies.

Mrs Thatcher pleased her right-wingers with the announcement that British Airways is, at last, to be sold off. Sale of the airline, always viewed by the Prime Minister as an important symbol of her privatisation programme, had to be shelved earlier this year because of problems with the United States about air services agreements. But a new agreement — Bermuda Two — has been negotiated and BA will be floated on the stock market in January or February. It is expected to fetch around £800 million, which is about £200 million down on earlier estimates.

The sale is being timed to cash in on the euphoria likely to surround the November flotation of

British Gas. That will be the largest privatisation of all and the Government machinery is being geared up to ensure that the flotation is as great a success as the sale of British Telecom.

The Treasury was well pleased with the August inflation figures which showed an annual rate, unchanged from July, of 2.4 per cent. This compares with an underlying rise in earnings which is still put at 7.5 per cent. There is a belated realisation, however, that different social groups experience different inflation rates. People like the low paid and pensioners, for instance, who are less likely to have cars and therefore do not benefit from lower petrol prices, claim that the prices of the goods they consume have gone by 4.6 per cent.

A force of 600 police had to be deployed to quell disturbances which broke out in the St Paul's area of Bristol in the wake of a police operation against suspected illegal trafficking in drugs and alcohol. Over a period of two days, gangs of mainly black youths used bottles, stones and knives in attacks on police and also tried to barricade a street with hijacked vehicles. Nine police officers were

injured, one seriously, and 80 people were arrested.

The St Paul's area, which featured in the inner-city riots of 1981, is said by the police to account for 70 per cent of the city's total of street robberies. The deputy chief constable of Avon and Somerset, Mr Jim Sharples, said: "We have the backing of the community in St Paul's. Our action is not against them but against a lawless element which refuses to be policed."

The Government introduced a new system of fixed penalty tickets to cover 260 different motoring offences in an attempt to reduce the workload, and delay, in magistrates' courts. Until now, fixed penalties (of £10) have been restricted to parking offences. As from next month, motorists will have the choice of paying £12 for minor infringements or £24 for endorser offences such as speeding. The amounts go up by 50 per cent if fines are unpaid after 28 days.

The extradition process was started against 26 British football supporters alleged to have been involved in rioting at the Heysel stadium in Brussels last year. All are jointly charged, under Belgian law, with the involuntary man-

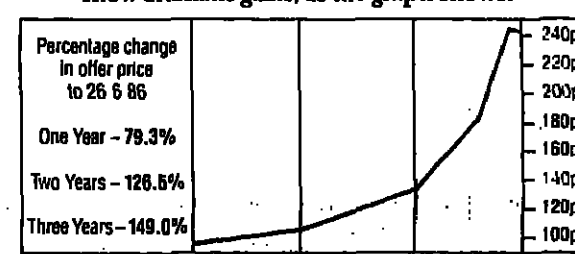
slaughter of Mr Mario Ronchi just before the European cup final kick-off between Liverpool and Juventus. They will appear at Bow Street magistrates' court in London again in November, when it will be decided whether extradition orders against them should be heard collectively or singly.

An inquest on 55 people who died in last year's Manchester air disaster was told of the alarming speed with which fire engulfed a Boeing 737 as it was about to take off on a holiday charter flight to Corfu. The plane was nearing take-off speed when a combustion chamber exploded.

Although the plane was brought to a halt within a minute of the explosion, flames were said to have melted the skin of the Boeing in less than ten seconds. Black smoke filled the cabin and most of the dead succumbed to the toxic fumes. Questions were asked about faults — slow acceleration and slow idling — reported in the Pratt and Whitney engine two days before the disaster and about whether the plane's operators, British Airways, or the engine manufacturers had ever issued warnings that such faults could point to combustion chamber stress.

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141gm Jar Royal Ascot Brandy Butter
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300gm Jar 1890 Collection Strawberry Preserve with Champagne
120gm Jar 1890 Collection Strawberry Preserve with Champagne

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THE WEEK

AT least 20 people died and 300 were injured in an earthquake, measuring 6.2 on the Richter scale, which shook the southern Greek port of Kalamata and surrounding villages. Officials reported that the nearby village of Eleochoi was almost totally levelled, while 70 per cent of buildings in the village of Neochori, Vamitsia, and Vamitsia were damaged. The Prime Minister, Mr. Papandreu, declared the area a disaster zone and began organising an airlift of doctors and medical supplies. A specialist French rescue team equipped with search dogs were sent to the area.

More than 30 people were injured in a second tremor two days later which demolished buildings already weakened by the first shock.

TWELVE people were wounded by police fire when a crowd gathered on administrative offices in Sharpeville in Transvaal to protest at the eviction of rent defaulters. Many residents in Sharpeville and the sister townships are refusing to pay rent in protest at apartheid and local rule by the "collaborating" town council.

Peres-Mubarak summit came too late

By Glenn Frankel
In Jerusalem

LAST week's Alexandria summit conference between Israel's Shimon Peres and Egypt's Hosni Mubarak is likely to be remembered as the summit that came too late — too late in the week to last more than 24 hours, too late in the month to entice Secretary of State George P. Shultz to attend and play the role of catalyst. And, most of all, it came too late in Peres' term in office to create the kind of momentum at home that the politically moderate Israeli premier needs to overcome the deep scepticism and disappointment about the Middle East peace process that afflict his wary countrymen.

That was the main reason why Peres and his aides had desperately sought this summit ever since he became Prime Minister two years ago. They perceived that it would not be possible to reawaken the Israeli public's dormant desire to pursue a peace settlement with the Arab foes without first thawing relations with the one former enemy that has made peace with the Jewish state.

But time has run out for Peres, as he himself acknowledged. "The only common enemy we have discovered over the last 24 hours is the shortage of time," he told reporters on Saturday after concluding the first session in five years between Israeli and Egyptian heads of state. "If we could have had a bit more time, I think we could have made more progress."

Peres was referring to the fact that the conference was limited to 24 hours because the Jewish Sabbath began on Friday night and Peres is scheduled to leave for Washington the following Monday. But he could also have been referring to the fact that he is a leader with less than five weeks to go before he must turn over his office to his rightist political rival, Yitzhak Shamir, who opposed the 1979 Camp David peace accord and is certain to take a harder line on relations with Cairo.

The meeting did succeed in formalising the new thaw in Israeli-Egyptian relations reflected in the resolution of the Taba border dispute and the return of Egypt's ambassador to Tel Aviv, both announced last week. But it also demonstrated the wide gap between the two sides on the issue that in the long term may have more influence on bilateral relations than any other — the fate of the Middle East's Palestinians.

Mubarak pushed from the start of the talks for a breakthrough on the issue of the Palestinians, 1.3 million of whom live under Israeli military occupation in the West Bank and Gaza Strip.

Israeli sources said Peres re-

Tension also ran high in Geneva after weekend fighting between Israeli and Lebanese forces. The UN Security Council, Mr. George Shultz, and the South African next month, as part of a two-week tour of Africa. Eight of the 10 countries on the list of states expected to be on the list. The State Department said that Mr. Shultz had been anxious to visit Africa for a long time to discuss how to end apartheid and talk about the economic problems of the continent.

ALGO GUCCI, the patriarch of the Florence leather-and-accessory firm, said to be aged 88, was sentenced to one year and one day in jail for tax evasion by a Federal Court in New York. Mr. Gucci had pleaded guilty at his trial in January to failing to report at least \$11.8 million in income over six years and has agreed to pay the internal Revenue Service \$7.4 million. It was assumed he would receive a suspended sentence because of his age. He will be eligible for parole after serving four months.

THE pro-Iranian Islamic Jihad (Holy War)

group last week denied responsibility for kidnapping an American citizen, Frank Reed, in West Beirut. The statement was accompanied by a colour photograph of a US hostage, David Jacobson, whom Islamic Jihad admits holding along with two other Americans — journalist Terry Anderson and university dean Thomas Sutherland.

THE Solidarity underground reader, Mr. Zbigniew Bujak, released from prison last week under a new Government amnesty, said he believed the union's supporters had a chance to see openly for the first time since the declaration of martial law in 1981.

"There is a certain chance of organising open, or anyway half-open, activity in the country," Mr. Bujak said. "This is a big chance for us." But, he warned: "The authorities will be demanding the complete liquidation of Solidarity organisations. They will not tolerate any open proposals for Solidarity."

VIETNAM at the weekend put casualties from last week's Typhoon Oyasumi at nearly 400 dead and 2,500 injured, and said it was still counting. The Vietnam

News Agency said that the storm wrecked 600,000 houses and 11,000 schools and hospitals, and sank 200 boats.

AN Iraqi diplomat was killed in Karachi at the weekend when a time bomb hidden beneath the front seat of his car exploded. The Iraqi Embassy in Islamabad identified the dead diplomat as Vice-consul Mithal Abdul al-Salam. Earlier in the week Iran fired a long range missile into Baghdad, hitting a poor residential area and killing 21 civilians and injuring 81 others. (Iran prepares for final push — page 9.)

A KGB official was being interrogated in Pakistan at the weekend on suspicion of involvement in the hijacking of the Pan Am airliner at Karachi airport as a result of which 21 people died. The man named as Sultan al-Tariki, was arrested when he disembarked at Islamabad airport from an internal flight coming from Karachi last Wednesday.

A BOMB went off outside a waiting room at Seoul's Kimpo international airport at the weekend killing five people and injuring 19. The authorities blamed North

Korean agents, or "impure elements" acting for North Korea, for the blast. No foreigners were among the victims.

AUSTRIA'S Chancellor Franz Vranitzky announced the end of the governing coalition between his Socialist Party (SPO) and the small rightwing Freedom Party (FPÖ) and said there would be an early general election on November 23.

THE former Prime Minister of Greece, Mr. Panayiotis Kanelopoulos, a mild-mannered historian whose caretaker government was overthrown by the 1967 colonel's coup, died last week aged 83.

COMMON MARKET foreign ministers meeting in Brussels were in dismay after failing to agree on a package of economic sanctions against South Africa. West Germany and Portugal were putting up strong opposition to including a ban on imports of coal along with the measures already agreed in principle by EEC government leaders at their Hague summit in June.

Bombers take their revenge on Paris

By Campbell Page in Paris

international conference on Middle East peace. Crucial details such as who would participate and what they would talk about were left undecided.

The tragedy, one analyst said, was that both men, given their personal choice, would like to have gone a good deal further. "The amount of resistance between these two people is minimal," said Shimon Shamir of Tel Aviv University, one of the country's leading experts on Egyptian affairs. "But Mubarak was held back by Peres and the PLO and Peres by the Likud."

The new thaw could freeze over again quickly when the Likud takes over the premiership, said Shimon Shamir, who is no relation to the Likud leader. "Shamir can destroy it very easily," he said, noting that the Likud has long opposed the concept of an international conference. "But he will be reluctant to be seen as doing it," he said. "He'll have to at least go through the motions." — Washington Post.

TERRORISTS on Monday delivered a prompt challenge to the French Government's new anti-terrorist measures when a bomb at police headquarters killed one person and wounded 61 others, three of them seriously.

Police said that one unidentified victim died in hospital several hours after the bomb shattered windows and sent plaster and masonry flying into the large central courtyard of the ornate 19th century Prefecture de Police on the Ile de la Cité.

Rescue services went on red alert after the bomb went off close to Notre Dame. The injured — 31 of them employed at the prefecture, the other 20 members of the public — were rushed to six city hospitals.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Chirac, who has declared war on terrorism and promised "draconian re-

pression" against its instigators, learned of the latest attack when lunching with Prince Rainier of Monaco.

An underground group demanding the release of three Arabs held in French jails claimed responsibility for the explosion. In Beirut, a telephone caller claiming to speak for the Committee of Solidarity with Arab and Middle East Political Prisoners asked an

Le Monde reporter on the terrorist threat: 11/12/13

international news agency to "inform (President) Mitterrand and Chirac that the next operation will be at the Elysée" (presidential palace).

Monday's bomb was the fifth terrorist operation (four of them successful) mounted in the capital in the last 12 days by the solidarity committee which is pressing for the release of Georges Ibrahim Abdallah, leader of the Armed Revolutionary Lebanese Front.

President Mitterrand said on Monday that the struggle against terrorism was a matter for the entire country. Whoever attacks human life should be pursued ruthlessly.

France's decision to demand entry visas from all visitors except citizens of the EEC and Switzerland met some criticism. The Austrian Foreign Minister, Mr. Peter Janschitz, whose country sends half a million visitors to France each year, described the measure as being "unparalleled in Europe for decades".

The Swedish Foreign Minister, Mr. Lennart Bodström, underlined the negative aspect of restricting freedom of movement, while the Moroccan embassy here understood the reason for the French action.

The EEC has responded to France's request for rapid consultations on terrorism by fixing an emergency meeting of the Community's interior ministers on September 25 when practical measures will be discussed.

Italy has asked France to extradite Abdallah, who is serving a four-year jail term for arms possession. His extradition was requested on September 6 so that he could be questioned about alleged involvement in Middle East terror activities in Italy.

Two Lebanese linked Abdallah's group, Abdullah al-Mansour and Josephine Abdo Sarkis, were sentenced by a Trieste court in June last year to 18 and 15-year jail terms for taking part in terrorist activities.

All Moscow journalists 'potential targets'

By Martin Walker in Moscow

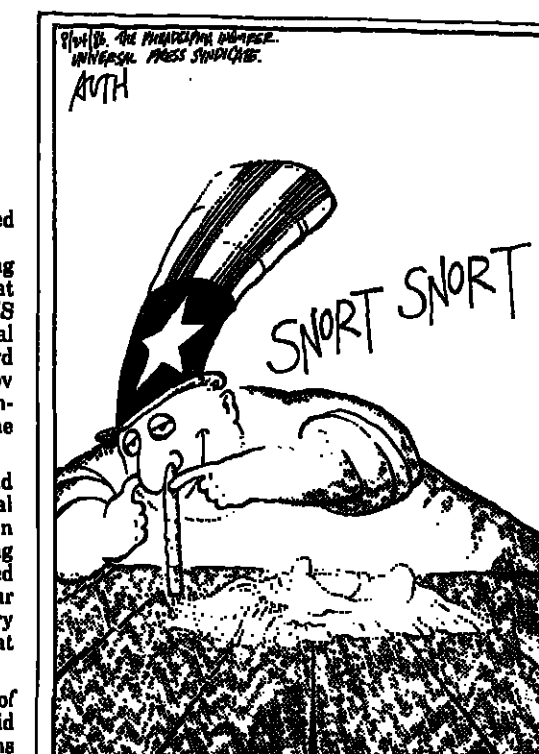
THE American reporter, Mr. Nick Daniloff, making his first formal comments to the press since his arrest in Moscow on spying charges, said on Sunday that all journalists in the Soviet Union were potential KGB targets.

Mr. Daniloff, aged 51, described his interrogation by security police during 13 days in Lefortovo prison as "mental torture".

He was seized by the KGB on August 30 shortly before completing a 6½ year assignment for US News and World Report magazine.

"What happened to me is a problem that involves all of you," he told a large crowd of reporters who gathered at the commercial office of the US embassy to hear his story after his release from prison on Friday night. "All of you are potential targets for this sort of action."

Mr. Daniloff repeated his conviction that he had been framed as part of a Soviet attempt to secure the release of Gennady Zakharov, a Soviet physicist arrested in New



The Ron and Nancy anti-drug show

By Michael White in Washington

THE slender gap between America's politics and its show business shrank still further on Sunday, when Ronald and Nancy Reagan appeared together on nationwide television to rally public support in the renewed and increasingly hysterical fight against drug abuse — hours after the First Lady had admitted that her own children had smoked a little dope in college.

It was their first scripted appearance together in a substantial work since Hellicat of the Navy (1955). As such, it received a one star rating in the New York Times TV guide — along with a repeat of Walt Disney's Dumbo (1941), Winds of War, and a new film about General George Patton (also one star), all of which the Reagans displaced for 30 minutes of prime time on the three main networks. The broadcast was the high

point to date of the five-year crusade against drugs by which Mrs. Reagan has established herself as a serious presidential consort rather than a mere clothes horse.

But in recent months the field has been crowded by public figures, from her husband downwards, anxious to make sure that America's affluent middle class does not hold them responsible for the supposed cocaine epidemic of November's mid-term elections. Like Colonel Gadsby, or Nicaragua, the current frenzy has the air about it of a brief interlude, after which the professionals will be left to struggle on with the problem much as before.

But, inasmuch as it had a starting point, it was the cocaine-related deaths of two brilliant young athletes, basketball star,

Len Bias, and Don Rogers of the Cleveland Browns football team. The deaths overwhelmed statistics suggesting that the overall drug problem is no worse, and may even be slightly improved.

The media, however, has slightly upon "crack", the fashionably new and inexpensive way to forget 1986 for a while, as a major front-page story. Police and politicians have not been far behind in getting their share of the action.

Only last Thursday, the Democrat-controlled House of Representatives passed a bill over liberal protests about civil rights which would deploy a decidedly reluctant Pentagon in pursuit of drug-traffickers from Latin America, and allow the use of illegally obtained evidence in some cases and the death penalty in others.

Doubts on role of Pretoria's youth camps

By David Beresford in Johannesburg

CONCERN about South Africa's so-called reabsorption camps which provide "education" courses for youths on their release from detention, increased sharply this week with allegations that they are being used to recruit police informers, being run by well-known rightwingers, and that they make be linked with the state security apparatus.

The white parliamentary opposition, the Progressive Federal Party, which is investigating the camps, is expressing suspicion that they are being run by the country's "Joint Management Committees" — regional organisations falling directly under the control of the powerful State Security Council and made up of senior army and police officers as well as local business and community leaders.

Former detainees who have attended the camps have also claimed that they have been taught to identify specific weapons during the "courses", apparently to help them work as informers. The allegations have all been denied by the authorities.

The Joint Management Committees have been set up as part of a "national security management system" to recommend action in dealing with security problems, ranging from specific areas by police or troops to the upgrading of living conditions. Little is known about their operations, but leaked documents disclosed recently that they were involved in attempts to break the township rent boycotts, which have become a major head-

ache for Government.

A black Johannesburg newspaper, the City Press, reported at the weekend that the camps were being run by a Pretoria "consultancy" headed by two academics, one of whom was described as a leading "back room strategist" in the ruling National Party, with known rightwing and Defence Force connections.

The newspaper also claimed that the camps may account for the fact that the names of thousands of people who have gone missing in South Africa are absent from lists of detainees issued by the Government. It suggested that, because attendance at the camps is theoretically voluntary, they have been left off the lists.

The Deputy Minister of Education, Mr. Sam de Beer, said in a statement last week, that "for a number of years" his department had been offering courses "as part of its normal programmes of youth activities." The youth of many detainees prompted the department "to extend to them an offer to voluntarily attend such courses after their release."

Mr. de Beer said the courses had no "political component" and those attending were free to withdraw at any time. Minors were admitted only with the written permission of their parents or guardians.

A spokesman for the department handling black education said the camps were designed to ease detainees' way back to freedom. Mr. Job Shoshani said: "There's nothing sinister about it. I know some

people think we may be involved in brainwashing and indoctrination, but that is far from the truth." Department officials said that they were trying to arrange media access to the camps. They said there were "five or six" camps around the country.

An alleged member of the African National Congress, described as one of the 10 most wanted men in South Africa, has been shot dead in custody. Jacob Mahlangu was killed by detectives on Thursday night while handcuffed and shackled after allegedly snatching a gun and opening fire on his police escort. He was arrested on Wednesday.

Police said Mahlangu was guiding them to arms caches and accomplices in a township near Pretoria when he grabbed a revolver from a detective's holster and began firing. A second detective shot him dead.

Mahlangu was said to have been positively implicated in at least 17 crimes, including two murders and several armed robberies. He was alleged to have confessed that he was a member of the ANC.

Figures released last week suggest that nearly half South Africa's working population may be unemployed. Sociologists at the University of the Witwatersrand described their figures as conservative and claimed that the true unemployment figure for South Africa was between 4.2 and 8 million. The most recent government figure was 519,000.

GENERAL Bernard Rogers, Nato's Supreme Commander in Europe, said last week that he had never known as much antipathy within the Atlantic alliance as had been generated by President Reagan's appeal for allied help in dealing with Colonel Gaddafi, and by the US Administration's desire not to be bound by the provisions of the SALT II nuclear arms control agreement. But after seven years in the European command, he said he was able to explain the "side of the alliance" to the end of a big NATO exercise in the North Atlantic, British and Dutch troops were involved.

Asked whether he anticipated a partial withdrawal of US troops from Europe, he said he did not expect them to remain in their present strength for ever. The danger, he said, was that the withdrawal might take place overnight, prompted by a congressional amendment, which would merely help the Soviet Union in its long-term policy of using military strength to blackmail West Europeans politically.

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Bad mood in Nato

By David Fairhall in Oslo

According to the need to control the Baltic Straits, the US General pointed scorn on opposition parties in Denmark and West Germany which have recently argued the case for a "defensive defence" that would not involve aggressive counter-attacks and deep strikes behind enemy lines.

Without naming the two countries, he said it was "stupid and naive" to imagine that the Warsaw Pact countries could be deterred by assuring them they would never be attacked on their own territory.

A Royal Navy amphibious force led by the assault ship Intrepid and supported by chartered ferries and naval logistics ships has taken part in Exercise Northern Wedding, putting British and Dutch marines ashore in the Norwegian fjords near Oslo to practice their reinforcement role on Nato's northern flanks.

Rogers praised the major contribution, and said he hoped the British Government would maintain amphibious forces by replacing the assault ships Fearless and Intrepid, or at least refurbishing them.

The present Defence Secretary, Mr George Younger, has indicated that he intends to maintain some amphibious capability, but he has not yet announced what package of ships he proposes for this purpose in the 1990s.

The Nato Supreme Commander also used his Norwegian press conference to explain how he would like the alliance to handle the contentious issue of a European anti-ballistic missile defence system as an adjunct to the American Star Wars programme.

He said he believed Europe needed its own system to counter shorter-range Soviet missiles like the SS21, 22 and 23, all of which would soon be deployed forward with more accurate conventional as well as nuclear warheads. But he said it was pointless for the United States to try to impose such a system on its European allies.

Schmidt warns of SDI peril

By Victoria Pope in Bonn

THE former West German Chancellor, Mr Helmut Schmidt, in a farewell speech to Parliament last week, warned that President Reagan's Strategic Defence Initiative would dangerously escalate the arms race.

Mr Schmidt said that the development and deployment of anti-missile weapons in space would compel the Soviet Union to counter with their own SDI. "Here a new arms race is waiting to get its starting signal," he said. "But only a dreamer can believe you can arms race the Soviet Union to death."

Mr Schmidt also said that SDI would do nothing to protect Europe from their most immediate nuclear threat, the Soviet Union. "Technically there will be no defence

system to protect us from nuclear medium range and short range missiles, which are deployed on European territory and which are directed by Europeans against Europeans."

He sharply took issue with a decision by the Bonn Government to participate in SDI research and asked: "Why don't you put the SDI issue and the arms reduction issue at the top of the agenda for the Alliance (Nato)?"

Of relations between Washington and the Government of his successor, Chancellor Helmut Kohl, he said: "He who gives the impression of having no objection to the status of protected dependent should not be surprised if he is treated that way."

Mr Schmidt criticised pressure from the top echelon of the Reagan Administration for West Germany to act as a "locomotive" to stimulate the world economy. He said that the US was failing to face the real villain - its budget deficit - which he called a danger to world economies.

Mr Schmidt has announced that he will retire after the national election in January. His political fortunes turned decisively in 1982 when the liberal Free Democrats ended a 13-year coalition with the Social Democratic Party (SPD) to ally with the conservative Christian Democrats following decisive fighting within the SPD over the deployment of new US missiles in West Germany, which the former Chancellor supported.

RECENTLY, the People's Mujahideen, the Iranian opposition movement, broadcast accusations that, in their current built up to the "final" offensive of the Gulf War, the Khomeini regime has conscripted 80,000 teachers, causing such chaos in the school system that, in some parts of the country, classes have been reduced to five hours a week. They broadcast it from their new Iraqi headquarters.

The Baghdad media eagerly take up such charges, calculated to expose the repression, terror and coercion to which the "filthy Persian despots" are reduced in order to sustain their "mad aggressive war". And only three weeks ago, the Iraqis learned, from a rare interview in which he talked about himself to the newspaper *Athar*, that President Saddam Hussein has resolutely forbidden anyone under the age of 18 from volunteering to go to the front.

He wanted it to be known that "the only two Iraqis I have sent to the front under that age are my sons Kossai and Oda". His conscience would not permit otherwise.

There is certainly a great deal of moral pressure, and probably coercion, brought to bear on Iraqis to "volunteer," but there is also a great deal of genuine fervour. There is no reticence on the part of the authorities to dramatise the sheer scale of the mobilisation, and few inhibitions about their anxious families with authentic, spontaneous media coverage when the "volunteers" go into action. Iranian television literally goes into battle with the infantry, incurs its own extraordinarily high number of martyrs - and produces some of the most vivid war footage ever recorded.

The recent despatch of such crews to the front is but one more sign persuading Pentagon analysts that the biggest offensive of the six-year-old struggle is at hand. They have spotted them on their satellite screens.

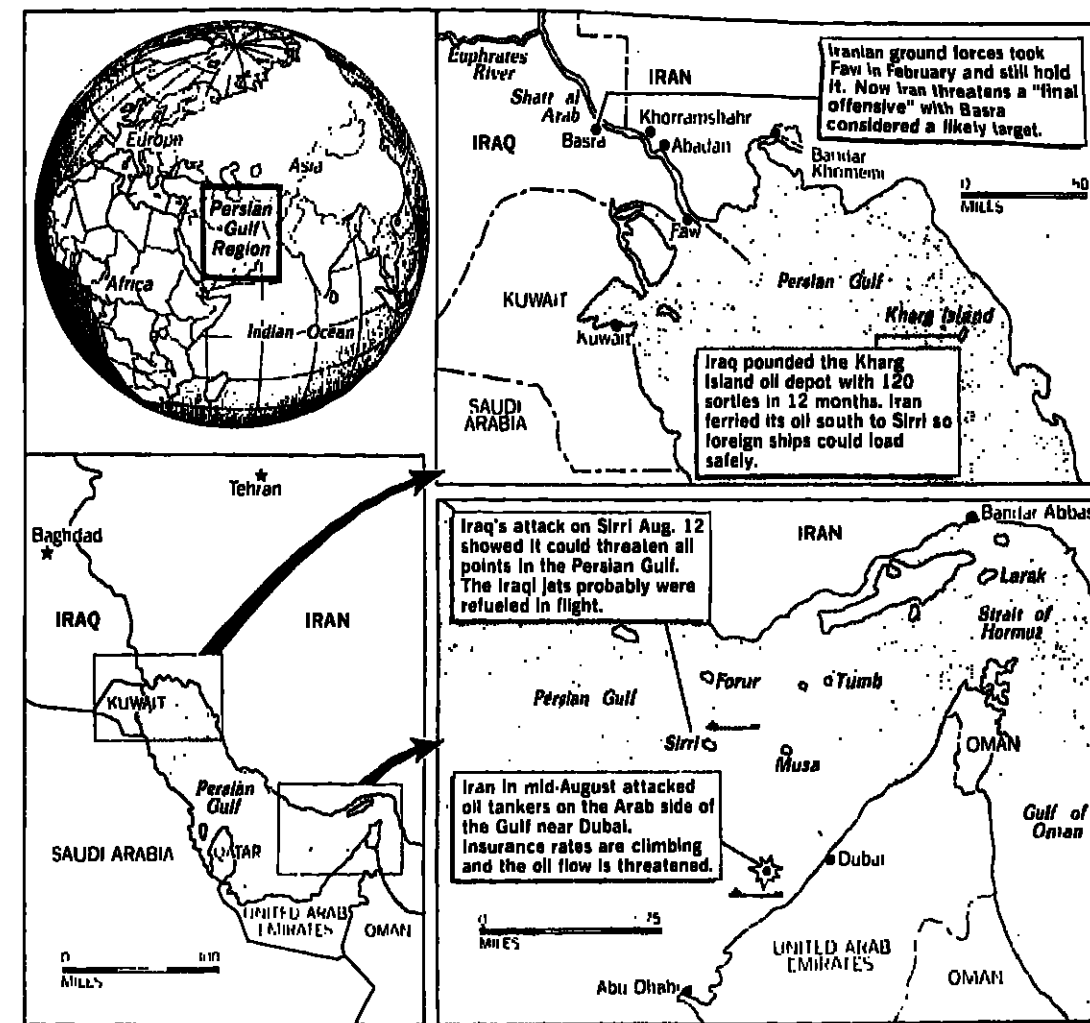
The complete opposite is true of Iraq, and the contrast explains, perhaps more clearly than anything else, why, after its initial thrust into Iranian territory, Saddam's army, for all its vast superiority in weaponry, has suffered a slow, remorseless erosion of its whole position: why it was driven out, blow by inelectable blow, first from Iranian soil, then in the face of Iran's offensive, from some of its own territory. It is also why, two weeks ago, it was dislodged from some strategic heights in the Kurdish far north and from a key radar platform in the Gulf. And it explains why, when the massed ranks of army, revolutionary guards and irregulars hurl themselves against one of the most expensive, elaborate and sophisticated defences ever constructed - line on line of fortifications, dykes, minefields, inflammable barriers and electrified trenches - they may, this time, achieve that critical breakthrough that will bring Iraq to its knees. Pentagon analysts, who have always tended to underestimate Iran's will and ingenuity in the face of daunting obstacles, no longer discount it.

What all Iraqis must be thinking about, upon hearing of that heinous conscription of 30,000 Iranian teachers, is their own university students - all 250,000 of them - who have been similarly conscripted, and about the ominous significance of so drastic a step which their Government does not announce, let alone dramatise as Iran would surely have done, but surreptitiously contrives.

"After the end of year exams," said a recent visitor to Iraq, "the authorities told the students that they would not get their results until they had done a course of military training. They were all packed off to five camps around the country. Now they have learned that the universities will only reopen on February 16, 1987." All their teachers up to the age of 45 have gone with them.

"You hear almost nothing official about this - only vague references to students taking up arms to defend the country, and occasional interviews with a teacher at one of the camps declaring, enthusiastically, that this was a unique experience in Iraq and the entire Third World - rubbish like that. You have to lie to survive in Iraq: I did it myself before I left."

The standard of training improvised on such a vast scale is apparently as low as one might expect, and last year's graduates from the military academy are reportedly responsible for much of it. But lack of preparation is no reason why, if need be, the cream of Iraqi youth will not be despatched to the front in a desperate



Iran prepares for the final push

By David Hirst in Beirut

As for Saddam's two sons, Kossai is at least symbolically present in a camp at Tikrit. "The last time I saw Oda," said the visitor to Iraq, "he was going to play tennis with a 20-man bodyguard. I had to shut up my wife when she expressed her astonishment that he was carrying his own racket."

Iraq already has an estimated one million men under arms, and, fighting a defensive war on its own territory, it would have no manpower problem if their morale were no more than reasonable. But everything suggests that it has reached its lowest ebb. The turning point was the army's inability to drive the Iraqis out of the Faw peninsula - something which Saddam had commanded it to do "at all costs" - followed by the fiasco of Mehran. In a classic case of short-term political expediency prevailing over military common sense, Saddam ordered the army to reoccupy this Iranian border town as a bargaining chip for Faw. When it did so - Mehran being scarcely defended - he held victory celebrations in Baghdad. Inevitably, Iran recaptured it six weeks later: reports say the Iraqis surrendered with hardly a fight.

The discontent reaches into the innermost circles of power. Saddam is its prime object. A constant flow of reports from the Arab world's most ferocious dictatorship circulates among the Iraqi diaspora - it now numbers up to 800,000 in Iran, the Arab world and Europe - and there are at least two different versions of just what happened to Omar Hazza'a.

People who, like Saddam, hail from the provincial town of Tikrit, up the Tigris from Baghdad, command special access to power and privilege. They are the nobility of Baathism. Among these, Hazza'a is - or was - a prince of the blood, and honoured for the role he played as the commander of the Baghdad district, in the Baathist seizure of power in 1968.

Takritis do of course fall from favour, and a few have been murdered, but, on the whole, Saddam treats them with a restraint that is unnecessary for the rest of the population. Thus his three half-brothers, Barzan, Sibawi and Wathban, who were stripped of their posts at the head of the secret police, are still alive, confined to their palaces in Tikrit: they command a continued influence that Saddam cannot but respect.

Hazza'a, a heavy drinker, took to cursing Saddam, the war, and the hatred and peril into which it has brought the Takritis. Upon hearing of this Saddam went to Tikrit, summoned the clans, and told them: I have given you all you have and this is my reward? An eyewitness reports that the Hazza'a residence in an exclusive district of

Baghdad has been demolished - this being a standard punishment, copied from the Israelis, that Saddam reserves for "traitors" and reports say that his mansion at Al-Ojja, near Tikrit, where top Baathists have country palaces, has been bulldozed into the Tigris. Hazza'a, one of his sons, and a son-in-law have disappeared.

This is the moderate version of what happened to Hazza'a. The extreme one, which, given Saddam's record, is nonetheless, barely less credible, is hair-raising. "Now," said a veteran Saddam-watcher, "the Takritis know that they are not immune to his rages."

One institution in which Saddam goes to extreme lengths to guard against defeatism is the army. It is three years since the formation of the notorious execution brigade, generally stationed just behind the front line, which summarily despatches "backsliders" - those who exhibit lack of enthusiasm for the war - and "cowards" - those who run away, or simply retreat under overwhelming enemy pressure.

Since the relative stabilisation of the fronts, it has become very difficult for Iraqi soldiers to cross the lines the way they used to, but estimates put the number of deserters hiding in Iraq itself at up to 35,000.

It all adds up, Iraqi exiles believe, to a powder keg which the next Iranian offensive might ignite. "In a curious way," said a refugee recently arrived in Beirut, "our people are looking forward to the Iranian offensive. It could bring their agony to an end."

"We don't want Khomeini" - it is an educated Shi'ite speaking - "but we can't take any more of Saddam. Where they can, our soldiers are making surrender pacts. The government knows it. It even tries to stop them wearing white underwear. But the apparatus of terror is breaking down." He should know: of his eight conscripted brothers, four have been killed.

There is something profoundly unreal, hallucinatory about the Gulf situation. The official Iraqi view of itself - secure against all that Iran can throw at it - permeated through much of the Arab world, in the Gulf and Jordan. Iraqi defences are portrayed more like victories. The unreality is sustained in spite, or no doubt because, of the realisation that if Saddam cannot withstand the Iranian onslaught, the consequences are liable to be perhaps the greatest upheaval in the Middle East since the creation of the state of Israel.

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COMING as they did after so many others, have not the Karachi and Istanbul attacks left democratic pretensions before the terrorist onslaught?

Raimond: These tragic attacks, including the ones that took place in Karachi and Istanbul, call for the strongest condemnation. They show once again that the world today must face up to the increasingly worrying increase of terrorism which does not hesitate to resort to every possible means.

In these two cases, they are countries on the fringes of the Middle East and in direct contact with the conflicts racking these areas, countries turned towards the West. In Karachi, the plane that was attacked was American.

As far as Western democracies are concerned, we know they are even more vulnerable precisely because they respect human rights and value human life, a fact reflected in their institutions, especially judicial institutions, and because they have traditions of openness, hospitality and freedom.

Democracies are not defenceless, however, in the confrontation with terrorism, for cherishing the values I've just mentioned does not rule out firmness by governments and their people. Concern for freedom does not preclude a policy of security based on vigilance. Concern for hospitality is not at odds with maintaining stricter surveillance at frontiers. Steps have already been taken to strengthen European cooperation against terrorism and this action is expected to be steadily pursued.

Do you think there is a direct connection between the various terrorist actions, successful or not, which have cost (or nearly cost, as in the RER bomb attempt) the lives of French citizens, recently both here and in Lebanon, and the new threats against the French hostages held in Lebanon?

I don't think so at all. I don't think all these things should be generalised. To take the Unifil case, for example, we see it was triggered off on August 11 and 12 by a serious incident, but unavoidable for a peacekeeping force, that took place during a routine check.

The recent wave of totally indiscriminate terrorist attacks has strengthened the conviction that there should be closer international co-ordination in combating terrorism which knows no frontiers.

In particular, has been put under no pressure by this unseen enemy: three French soldiers attached to the United Nations Interim Force in Lebanon were murdered last

France walks a tightrope over the hostages issue

It set off the chain of events we all know and brought a flurry of charges against Unifil from extremist Shi'ites. It brought about a change in the situation on the ground. A part of the local forces demanded that Unifil be withdrawn or tried to provoke it.

The RER incident is plainly a case of terrorism, but in my opinion there is no direct connection between this terrorism and whatever is happening elsewhere. Islamic Jihad's communication (sent to a Lebanese newspaper) is however connected to the hostages issue.

were given the visas. The ambassador asked them when they were thinking of going back to France and they answered they would do so when the universities reopen, since they are students. A recent confirmed this during a meeting with our chargé d'affaires in Baghdad.

Students, really? There has been a lot of talk that at least one of them was in fact very close to Iraqi authorities and that his job was to infiltrate the opposition (Iraqi opposition in France).

Yes, students. You know there

Jacques Amalric and Bernard Brigouleix talk to the French Foreign Minister

We can wonder whether there is any relation between this communication and the talks we have been conducting for the past five months to obtain the hostages' release. The talks are continuing normally, although progress is very slow. We're doing everything we can and I don't see a direct link between the present state of these conversations and Islamic Jihad's message.

It contains a number of specific demands that don't concern us directly. In those that concern us, there is the case of the two Iraqis (recently deported from France), and what has been said about it does not tally with the facts as we know them. A few weeks ago, the two Iraqis went to the French embassy (in Baghdad) and applied for visas (to enter France). They

are many countries that have 35-year-old students. At any rate, they explained they wanted to come back to Paris to continue their university studies, and added they were free to move at will. We announced it after having carried out checks. As for the rest of the Islamic Jihad message, it obviously contains threats, but at the same time it expresses the hope that headway will be made in the conversations currently under way.

But didn't the government feel badly let down by the recent upsurge of terrorist attacks immediately in the wake of a period when the release of two of the hostages had raised expectations?

There was a problem in August

in our talks with Iran, a problem which was kept well within bounds. I share the grief of the (hostages) families in this tragic business, but this has not altered my view. These are conversations, not a horse trade. Out of consideration for the families, I pass on information to them from time to time. Unfortunately I can't tell you more at this stage, so as not to complicate matters even more.

Where have financial negotiations with Iran got to? Quite far. We're now within

sight of a partial agreement, and we're continuing overall negotiations. They concern in particular the \$1 billion Iran lent to the French Atomic Energy Commission (CEA). There are also French creditors, connected with Eurodif, and companies which suffered as a result of the Iranian revolution.

We have made a number of concessions, as is normal in negotiations of this sort. There still remain problems to be settled, but we're making headway and could even complete the negotiations fairly soon.

When is the next meeting? At the moment I'm waiting for the Iranian government to respond to the representation I made on August 21.

Could we still say that there will

be no agreement on the debt issue before the hostages are released?

You mustn't put it that way. Here's what I can tell you. First, when we decided to normalise political, economic and cultural relations with Iran, it was a policy as such, it being understood that for everybody, especially the Iraqis, this concern to normalise relations in no way called into question either our policy in the region, in the Arab world in general, or our friendship with Baghdad. On the other hand, it is clear that although the Iranian government is not responsible for holding the hostages, it does have leverage over the kidnappers. Given this, a full normalisation, including an exchange of ambassadors, even a visit to Tehran by me, will not be possible so long as these French citizens are held by their kidnappers.

When you are in the government and are confronted by a tragic situation like this, you can of course ignore this situation and leave the hostages to their fate. You can also — and this is what we're doing — do everything possible to obtain their release. But this doesn't mean that French policy then becomes, as it were, the hostages' hostage. This is indeed what we have explained to those people we are dealing with.

In your negotiations with Iran, will you be taking into consideration Tehran's efforts — through the Hezbollah — to compel the French contingent in Lebanon, and if possible the entire Unifil force, to get out of Lebanon?

We're taking each question separately. There's the question of normalising relations with Iran. There's the hostage question. There's the question of Unifil, which has to be examined with the United Nations in particular, while at the same time taking all the elements into consideration — including the attitude of the Iranian government with which we're in complete disagreement on the Unifil issue.

That's putting it mildly... Has Tehran indeed given the Hezbollah the go-ahead to harass the French contingent? There have been statements to this effect.

Quite. That's why we're going to raise the matter with the Iranians in our next talks. We'll see then just how far they are committed to this line. But it doesn't mean that problem will have repercussions on the others.

What are you expecting from your representation to the United Nations?

Unifil was set up in 1978 and France decided to take part in it. The situation in southern Lebanon today is intolerable. Unifil doesn't have the means for fulfilling its mission which, in fact, ceased a long time ago to be the one it was given under UN Resolution 492. That mission required Unifil to make sure Israel withdrew to its own territory, to allow the Lebanese government to establish its authority in all of southern Lebanon and to restore peace and security. This was completed in 1982 by a mission of humanitarian pacification. But today Unifil is in no position to carry out even such an abbreviated mission, since its soldiers — and not just the French contingent — have become targets.

And this is intolerable. Since it's a UN force, however, it's up to the Security Council — that is, the world community — to accept its responsibilities. I hope the UN mission would be dispatched quickly to Lebanon. As soon as I heard that French soldiers had been killed, I asked that the matter be raised at the Security Council. I previously checked with the Prime Minister and the President that this was also their view. I also discussed the

Continued on page 13

Portrait of a terrorist 'family'

MYSTERY surrounds Georges Ibrahim Abdallah. This man, who is believed to be leader of the Lebanese Armed Revolutionary Fractions (FARL) and has been imprisoned in France since October 1984, appears to be the principal stake, if not the only one, in the campaign of terrorist blackmail to which the French government is currently subjected. Since December 1985, his associates, who investigators say are behind the Comité de Solidarité avec les Prisonniers Politiques Arabes et du Fronte-Orient (CSSPA) have been responsible for 11 terrorist attacks (three unsuccessful) in public places in Paris to force the French government to release him.

Why this sustained pressure over 10 months such as France has never experienced before? Everything here seems to be calculated, programmed and timed — a far cry from an irrational escalation. Men who plant bombs follow their own logic, however twisted. The answers are to be sought in the file on Abdallah, in the mass of intelligence gathered by the DST, the French counter-espionage service, concerning the itinerary of a very special terrorist organisation.

Here then is the story of Abdallah and his friends pieced together with the help of hitherto unpublished documents, court hearings and the written indictment of the Lyons prosecutor's office, and secrets revealed by specialists in the anti-terrorist struggle.

The story opens with a new and surprising anecdote. It was not the DST who picked up Abdallah in Lyons on October 25, 1984. In fact, he walked into a police station and asked for police protection. Why? Because he noticed he was being shadowed and feared they were Mossad (Israeli secret service) agents out to get him. He had a solid cover — an authentic Algerian passport issued in the name of Abdelkader Saadi, electronics engineer — and thought he could escape his pursuers in this way. But he was mistaken. The men shadowing him were DST inspectors, who had been well informed, and knew who they were dealing with. A revealing attitude of a man who thought he was important enough to be Mossad's potential target.

Two and a half months later, a man coming from Ljubljana (Yugoslavia) was arrested by Italian customs near the Trieste-Opicina border crossing. He had a railway ticket for Ljubljana-Rome.

Lyons to "loaf about the city" and "visit cafes and restaurants". The DST investigators let him glimpse they knew more and that this defence just did not hold any water. Abdallah then fell back on his second cover: "I'm an Arab revolutionary of Algerian nationality... My job was to get the members of my organisation, the Revolutionary Movement of Arab Union (MRUA), out of France... The network's permanent members as well as the logistical back-up have already been evacuated... These people were placed in position to determine and identify Israeli and American targets, but

in northern Lebanon, and especially several of his brothers Maurice, Robert, Joseph and Fakim — the last, who was a naturalised French citizen, died mysteriously in Paris in 1983. His movement appears to have relations with non-Palestinian terrorist groups, especially the Red Brigades and Action Directe." The Lyons magistrates are categorical: "As the inquiry shows, Georges Abdallah is the driving force behind the terrorist group he heads; he picks the targets and looks after the supply of explosives and weapons and finds the safe houses."

It has also been shown that he

An investigation by Georges Marlon and Edwy Plenel

travelling around using at least five different passports (Maltese, two Moroccan, an Algerian and a South Yemeni) under a variety of names (Alex, Skandara, Michel Saad, Georges Haddad, Abbas, etc.); that between 1981 and 1984 he travelled very frequently between France, Yugoslavia, Cyprus, Italy, Switzerland and Spain; that his stays in Paris, in particular, coincided with the dates of FARL terrorist attacks; that he frequently changed hotels and rented, through third parties, several apartments and self-contained flats.

What did the police find on Abdallah's person and in the apartments he lived in? Lists of Israeli and Jewish organisations and associations, names of prominent Jewish figures, street maps of cities (Rome, Bern, Saragossa, Nicosia). Above all, they discovered a veritable arsenal as a result of the search made on April 2, 1985 of the flat he rented at No 18, Rue Lacroix in the 17th arrondissement of Paris (discovered by tracing the circuit taken by the rent payments — credit transfers from the Universal Bank of Geneva to a real estate agency account at the Crédit du Nord in Paris: 97 cakes of tritium (21 kilos), a 2.5 kg cake of Semtex H, three detonators, six RPG7 propellants, a one-tonne cake of explosive, two Skorpion CZ 7.65mm submachine-guns, a CZ 7.65mm machine-pistol, 158 rounds of 7.65mm ammunition, two walkie-talkies, a remote-controlled detonating device, a radio receiver fitted out for remote control activation, pencils converted for use as detonators...)

These are very precisely summarised in the Lyons prosecutor's written indictment, which was prepared for Abdallah's hearing in July: "Since 1980 he has been running the FARL, which is composed primarily of residents of the cities of Kobayat and Andakt

the organisation realised it wasn't expedient to hit such objectives given the present political environment."

The DST then tried to push the advantage by questioning him on the "similarities" between the "MRUA's targets" and the FARL's victims. To no purpose: "The MRUA is not connected at all to the FARL... the basic difference is that MRUA is interested in Israeli and American targets to discover what they are preparing against us, while FARL strikes at their objectives." In other words, he was claiming to be a political operative, not a military man. But this defence was ripped apart by the mass of damning discoveries the DST amassed in its painstaking investigation into Swiss bank accounts and Paris hideouts.

members of the Security Council, but it is aware that implementing such a project is bound to encounter many obstacles. If only for the reason that some of the parties concerned (and not just Israel, either) prefer to have direct contacts first.

To take the case of another of your recent callers, General Vernon Walters, did he really ask for nothing from France?

Nothing. He came to take stock of the situation in the Mediterranean and the measures adopted in Europe, especially at the EEC level, for fighting terrorism. He didn't seem to me to be disappointed by the Europeans on this point. He also spoke of Chad. You know what our position is on that.

Defence Minister André Giraud's position?

I think M. Giraud's position is the same as mine, that is, that France intervened in Chad at the Chad government's request and has maintained a disposition on the ground there for aiding it if necessary. We support the political reunification of Chad, where the situation has temporarily stabilised. But we remain very vigilant because Libyan infiltration could occur.

Did General Walters speak to you about terrorist actions which the Americans think are sponsored by Gadaffi?

He didn't mention any particular action. But it's clear Washington was expecting a resurgence of terrorist activity. (September 9)

"quality" of the organisation forged by Abdallah became evident from this exhaustive investigation. As is evident from the "fake but genuine" passports, it is a network which functioned with state support. What this means is that the FARL worked for a section of the Syrian government and Georges Haddad's Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP). Born in 1951 in Tripoli, Georges Ibrahim Abdallah was from his young days an activist in the Syrian People's Party, a Lebanese party dedicated to Greater Syria. He left it to join Palestinian movements, particularly the PFLP, where he is supposed to have had the rank of major and to be on friendly terms with Haddad.

What is unique about this organisation is that it is a family network and its members have a thorough knowledge of Europe, especially France. All the FARL members so far identified are close to the Abdallah family, which is of Christian origin. Apart from El Mansouri and Abdo (sentenced respectively to 15 and 16 years in gaol in Italy), there are Jacqueline Eber, Ferial Daher, Salim El Khoury, Maurice Abdallah (he has still not been found). When Gilles Peyrolles, the director of the French Cultural Centre in Tripoli was kidnapped by the FARL in March 1985 in a bid to obtain the release of its fellow members, he found himself confronted by El Khoury, Robert and Maurice Abdallah as well as Eber, said to be the group's "brains".

All of them speak very good French. Abdallah, who prides himself on his Marxist culture, kept company with the Red Brigades in the '70s. He set up a "broad-ranging" network, making himself out to be a political man, and winning over French extreme-left circles in Grenoble especially. He gave his network a name similar to West Germany's Red Army Faction. In short, he knows how to pour himself into the mould of European terrorism. He is an important and able figure. In short he is a "cadre" of international terrorism.

The police investigation has however uncovered only the tip of the iceberg. For instance, FARL has claimed responsibility only for targeted actions, particularly against American and Israeli diplomats and secret service agents. The discovery of important stocks of explosives proves that it did not restrict itself to this role. The Lyons prosecutor's office points out that "in all probability all of the caches planted by FARL have not been discovered." What's more, the contents of the cache of weapons and explosives found on the Rue Lacroix had been "handed" since Abdallah's arrest in 1984, as was shown by a copy of the Paris daily, Le Quotidien de Paris, dated January 28, 1985 which was found there.

A logistical infrastructure which has not yet been unearthed and has probably been involved in some of these latest terrorist attacks. (September 10)

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Claude Berri's new film, "Jean de Florette", which was released in Paris on August 27, stars Yves Montand as grandpa César Soubeyran, a patriarchal figure as rugged as the Provençal maquis.

For the film, Montand has been aged 15 years, with heavy make-up, his natural wrinkles help, and a pencil, a briefly grizzled moustache and a hat whose patina suggests a lifetime of hard work and a great deal of torrid climate, he looks disconcertingly like Gaston Dominici.

Montand's transition, as an actor, from middle to old age seems to have been achieved effortlessly, and apparently without any regrets. One wonders what prompted him to take such an important and irreversible step. Why had he agreed to play the part of César?

WHEN did you first discover Marcel Pagnol's universe?

In "Marius" (1931), the first film scripted by him that I saw. With typical conceit, people in the South of France immediately got the impression that thanks to Pagnol the whole world had begun to revolve around La Canebière in Marseilles and the celebrated sardine which allegedly blocked the harbour entrance.

I myself, though from the Midi, thought it had all got a bit out of hand. Henri Allibert (a Marseillais actor and writer of light opera) was reportedly "enjoying a triumph in Paris" — but he wasn't, he was just being successful. Another Marseillais, Vincent Scotto, was "the world's greatest composer". No he wasn't — but his unique naivety was refreshing. I found I had to fight such southern exaggerations when we began shooting "Jean de Florette".

Daniel Auteuil, is superb as Ugolin, and who comes from Avignon, agreed with me. We took care not to pile on the southern accent. In any case, when you sit down and read Pagnol, the accent emerges naturally because of the sing-song way he writes.

You must have met Pagnol when you were a music-hall artiste in Marseilles?

Yes, in 1942. Pagnol owned his own studios there. He also ran a magazine, Les Cahiers du Film, in which I read that he was looking for extras for "La Fille du Puisatier". You were asked to bring your own "wardrobe".

I packed my little cardboard suitcase and turned up with my stage costume — a large and very long check sports jacket which my brother-in-law persuaded me to buy at Thierry's, "the well-dressed man's outfitter".

As for my part, all you can see on the screen is my back. I was used as a marker for a tracking shot. But I was quite oblivious to what was going on. The spotlights were on my face and I was in seventh heaven: I was making a film!

That evening, I was introduced to Pagnol in the rushes room. I sang him three songs and did a few impersonations. After that, I didn't see him again immediately.

But he was best man at your wedding, wasn't he?

It was Simone who had kept in contact with Pagnol's wife, Jacqueline. They'd been at school together. And when Simone worked for a time at Harcourt the photographers, she met Jacqueline who had come to have a set of studio portraits taken. Then the Pagnols bought a house near Venice, and we saw each other regularly after that.

He was an extraordinary talker, just as captivating as Picasso, or Sartre, or Prévert — other people I've known. Pagnol had been a schoolteacher and it showed: he talked as though he was talking to his pupils — or maybe that was only how he acted with me. But anyway I learned a lot from him. And he was amusing too.

There were two stories of his he wanted me to direct, since he thought he was too old to direct them himself. One was a kind of

No doubt, too, because he wanted to demonstrate resoundingly that a possible future candidate for the French Presidency (which Montand has hinted he might be) is primarily and enduringly, a great actor. But certainly because he wanted a slice of the action in one of the biggest blockbusters in French cinema history, a movie with an eight-month shooting schedule and a budget of 110 million francs (about £11 million).

The story of Berri's ambitious film began back in 1952, when Pagnol, a film-maker as well as a novelist, shot "Manon des Sources". Ten years later, he published two novels, "Jean de Florette" and "Manon des Sources", which returned to and expanded on the theme of his film — the story landscape and emotions of Provence.

Claude Berri has adapted Pagnol's two novels for the screen. "Manon des Sources", the sequel to "Jean de Florette", will be released in November and also stars Montand.

Danièle Heymann interviewed Yves Montand at his Paris flat in the Place Dauphine — the home he shared with Simone Signoret until her death earlier this year. His only reference to that sad event in his life was an affectionate gesture towards the sofa where she used to sit, a shrug, and the words: "Life goes on."

Montand comes to terms with the advancing years

prototype of "La Guerre du Feu", and the other described the adventures of an itinerant photographer who travels round the markets of Provence.

But did you ever think of acting in a Pagnol play or film yourself?

Marcel asked me if I'd be interested in appearing in a stage version of "Marius", and later of "La Femme du Boulanger". I turned him down. By the way, Michel Galabru, who did it in the end, gave a really great performance and earned well-deserved success.

You haven't been in a film for three years, not since Claude Sautet's "Garçon", which was a turning-point. Now you're back, but in a film where you have been made to look 15 years older. Are you going through the same process as Jean Gabin in "Touchez pas au Grisbi" (1954)? Does your role in "Jean de Florette" herald the start of another successful career?

I myself have no desire whatever to start playing a series of grandfather roles. Commonsense tells me to give up acting altogether. It's a profession which causes, and has always caused, me such agony that I think it really must be time to call it a day.

In the cinema the aim is to get as close as possible to the truth of the character. You put on a set of clothes — César Soubeyran's heavy corduroy jacket, for example — but you really have to clothe yourself from within. And you're never quite sure you're going to pull it off.

Everyone raved about how thin I got for my part in "L'Avant". But that's not the point. Any idiot can lose a few pounds. But injecting life into a character, keeping up the momentum, equalling people's expectations of you, to the fee you're getting, to your public image, is quite a different matter. And even then the cinema is nothing compared with a one-man show.

For the first three weeks of my last show at the Olympia, in 1981, I swear to you I wished every evening I'd break my leg, so I'd have an excuse not to go on stage. It was because I was afraid, physically afraid.

It's never been easy for me. I even have difficulty in keeping time. When I sang "C'est Si Bon", I had to count in my head: "C'est si bon, deux, trois, quatre, un... De partir n'importe où, deux, trois, quatre, un...". What, you mean it didn't show? How nice of you. But why it came down to it I wasn't really cut out for the job. I'll never understand how a son and grandson of peasants, like myself, ended up on the boards.

Have there been "periods" or "stages" in your career?

Yes, one grows old in stages. Our friend Louis de Funès used to compare life to a little theatre

Danièle Heymann talks to Yves Montand

where, every 10 years, a new curtain is raised — one green, one yellow, one blue, and then finally a black curtain falls. I was shattered when I turned 40, then had a wonderful summer when I was 53, the year that "César et Rosalie" came out.

Then, well, at 60 you just have

To a certain extent I had the same problem as Marilyn Monroe, who was obliged to play dumb blondes because of the high girlish voice that issued from her superb body.

When you were type-cast as the "singing prole", were you already active politically?

I've been involved in politics for 20 years now. It's not some passing fancy. Both in my so-called committed songs and in certain political films, my position didn't use to be very different from what it is today.

Things were more straightforward then. You were labelled as a leftwinger.

That's no reason to label me as a rightwinger now. Or to think I want to become President of France. The question I ask myself is this: to make my voice heard, must I necessarily make a bid for the Presidency? It's as simple as that.

If joining the electoral mêlée



Montand brings a red rose to Simone Signoret's funeral.

to accept yourself as you are. When I gave my last show at the Olympia, I felt the need to be strict with myself. I saved my energies, spent the whole day lying down, watching what I ate, doing a bit of walking to improve my breathing, so I could give all of myself when the time came in the evening. One should never forget that the public is like a girl of 18 or 20, and quite legitimately very demanding.

I've decided to head the danger signals, even if I still feel up to doing certain things. So I can't really see myself doing another show in France. Gaiety performances, yes. And perhaps the tour I've been promising myself for ages — the backwoods of America, countries I've never sung in, like Egypt or Israel.

Are you satisfied with your physical?

I've never liked either my physique or my "nice working-class fellow" side. I know that deep inside me I can be as nice and as nasty as anyone else; but I don't like playing "nice" characters. I had no choice, though, as that was what was expected of me.

means I can cut this or that politician down to size, then count me in. Imagine me and Le Pen. I'd like to be able to say to him: "You're a coward, sir. When one is an anti-Semite or a racist one should admit to being one."

But for the moment I'm happy to go on record as saying that some members of the present government are doing a fine job, like Philippe Séguin, Alain Juppé and Philippe Mahuret. I see no reason, either, why Philippe de Villiers should get so much stick. Is it because he is a devout Catholic? I say: respect his opinions even if you don't agree with them.

But I also recognise that some members of the previous Socialist Government, such as Jacques Delors, Pierre Bérégovoy and Jack Lang were good. Lang is perhaps a bit too flashy, but he did some very good things for culture. I only hope that his successor, François Léotard, does as much.

Le Monde

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The Washington Post

The Danilooff Deal

Genesis Of A Diplomatic Fiasco

By Walter Pincus and David B. Ottaway

NO ONE could look at the pictures of the Soviets' American hostage Nicholas Danilooff exulting in his transfer out of Lefortovo prison and not share in his gratitude and relief. Almost two weeks in his eight-by-ten-foot cell, cut off from contact with family and countrymen except by his jailers' occasional leave, subject to continuous surveillance and repeated, prolonged interrogation by his KGB captors, Mr. Danilooff, the Moscow correspondent for U.S. News & World Report, is immeasurably better off out of prison than he was in it.

But he is still the victim of a cynical and outrageous frame-up. And he is still a hostage. The only way the United States was able to gain his release from prison, it seems, was to acquiesce in this hostage status and to become in some degree a guarantor of it. This is awfully uncomfortable. In explanation it is said that Mr. Danilooff's health was at risk under the conditions of his imprisonment, that the deal is essentially the same one that was made to gain the release of another American in similar circumstances a few years back, that a kind of pre-arranged series of face-saving steps will in fact lead to Nick Danilooff's release from captivity and that in the imperfect and unbalanced, if not downright rotten, world of U.S.-Soviet dealings, this is the sort of thing you sometimes have to do.

There is bound to be much inquiry into all this in the days ahead; there will be sustained efforts by journalists and politicians and others to establish just what the bargaining was about and whether the American government did the right thing and got the best it could. There are many serious questions, and it will be useful to know more. The only thing we can say with certainty just now is that, glad that Nick Danilooff is out of Lefortovo, we hope, and trust, that the deal that got him out is better than it looks.

Foreign Policy? What Foreign Policy?

WASHINGTON — The Reagan administration hasn't ruled out a trade to free Nicholas Danilooff. Officials hope the Danilooff case won't disrupt arms-control talks or the summit. Oops. Wait a minute. Scratch that. The Danilooff case is an affront to human decency.

There can be no talk of a trade for Danilooff. Er, sorry. Did we say no trade? Perhaps an "interim" trade is acceptable.

Libya's Moammar Gadhafi is planning new terrorist attacks against the United States, and the Reagan administration is readying plans for a military retaliation. Whoo! Hold on. Correction. The administration isn't planning military action. Intelligence reports about Libya are inconclusive.

President Reagan is finally prepared for a "grand compromise" on arms control. He will accept limits on strategic defense in exchange for deep cuts in Soviet offensive missiles. Wait. Sorry. No, he isn't. A trade-off of Star Wars is out of the question. The president remains fully committed to SDI.

These are the sounds of an administration spinning its wheels on foreign policy. Indeed, after reviewing the past month's record of statements and retractions on key issues, a reasonable person might ask whether the administration is conducting a foreign policy at all these days. The answer is yes, but it's a strange sort of policy.

The Reagan administration's foreign policy might best be described as "ad-hocism." Far from being the rigid application of ideology that liberal critics feared, the Reagan foreign policy has proved to be something quite different: an ad-hoc process of trial and error, of alternating hard-line and soft-line statements, of proposals that are run up the flagpole to see who salutes.

It is foreign policy by public opinion poll, and in many ways, it works. The country is happy. Usually it gets what it wants. Reagan's ad-hocism has its virtues. When Ferdinand Marcos became an embarrassment to the United States this year, Reagan pulled the plug on his old friend. When public support eroded for American involvement in Lebanon in 1984, Reagan pulled out. It's hard to imagine this president

WASHINGTON — It started as just another episode in the covert battle between rival intelligence services over the rules of the "spy game" and suddenly mushroomed into a confrontation of major diplomatic proportions that neither side apparently wanted or anticipated.

With no show of concern for the possible political fallout on pre-summit jockeying, the FBI on Aug. 23 arrested Gennadi Zakharov, a low-level Soviet spy recruiter winding up a four-year tour of duty with the United Nations in New York. He was jailed without bail and charged with espionage after taking three classified documents from an FBI collaborator he had been cultivating as a source.

A week later, the Soviets retaliated, acting with apparent symmetry, by seizing and imprisoning American correspondent Nicholas Danilooff, who was ending a 5-year stint in Moscow for U.S. News &

World Report. Danilooff was surrounded by KGB agents moments after he was handed an envelope containing two films marked "secret" by a Russian he thought was a friend.

In the ensuing two weeks, the Reagan administration issued a series of muddled and sometimes conflicting statements about its reaction to Danilooff's arrest and what it intended to do.

At first, it did not rule out the possibility of some kind of a deal, then rejected any trade, but finally accepted equal treatment as "an interim step." On Friday, both Danilooff and Zakharov were released into custody of their respective ambassadors.

By accepting the Soviet suggestion to release both men, the Reagan administration has temporarily defused the tension. But its handling of the issue has evoked a torrent of criticism from allies as

well as foes on Capitol Hill, with conservatives inside and outside the administration charging it has sold out on the president's own promise of "no trade," or will do so if it cannot win Danilooff's freedom without a trade for Zakharov.

"Could you imagine what we (conservatives) would be doing if Jimmy Carter had done this?" remarked one Reagan political appointee Saturday. "Impeachment would be too easy."

Initially, the two nation's security services, the FBI and the KGB, appeared to be calling the shots. In the U.S. top political leaders were either on vacation or apparently unaware decisions were being taken that clearly might upset the larger U.S.-Soviet relationship; the same may have been true in Moscow.

After embarrassment over the Walker family spy ring, the mishandling last fall of the Soviet defector Vitali Yurchenko, a KGB agent who defected and then went back home, and then the defection of ex-CIA agent Edward L. Howard to the Soviets, the Reagan administration and particularly the FBI was under considerable pressure to recoup against the Soviets.

One well-publicized response was the FBI's apprehension early this summer of the Soviet air attaché here as he was caught in the act of picking up classified documents. He was quickly expelled.

The arrest of Zakharov, remarked one Senate intelligence committee source, was "done for domestic consumption to show we are really doing something and the United States is on top of this spy thing."

Now President Reagan and Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev have asserted personal control. Reagan is clearly seeking to limit the diplomatic impact of the arrests on pre-summit diplomacy, and Soviet spokesmen say repeatedly they consider the arrests a minor matter. But the secret war between rival secret services continues, with the release of the two men temporarily caught up in that diplomacy.

By all accounts, the decision to have the FBI hand Zakharov a package of classified documents and then arrest him after three years of surveillance was handled as a routine matter. There was no inter-agency disagreement or hesitation over the action, and the officials involved recognized that some form of Soviet retaliation was likely, according to administration officials.

There appears to have been no discussion about implications of jailing Zakharov, apparently a key step in the eyes of the Soviets, which Justice Department sources said was handled under a Reagan administration policy that all East bloc citizens arrested for espionage be held without bail. Zakharov's lawyer later complained that this was a break with past precedent in the handling of such cases.

Administration officials insist the decision to arrest Zakharov was approved at a "very high level" within the government, as one put it, and that the inter-agency discussions prior to the decision "took into account the possibility of retaliation." "But

Continued on page 16

(David Ignatius is an associate editor of The Washington Post.)

The Washington Post

The Yo-yo Market

HISTORIANS of the stock market observe that, compared with the great crash of 1929 preceding the Depression, the decline was relatively mild. But that's pretty thin gruel. The common wisdom is that the market was released into the custody of their respective ambassadors in Moscow and New York on Friday last week after intense diplomatic negotiations. But Secretary of State George P. Shultz, calling the move "an interim step," said Daniloff remained a "hostage" in Moscow, a term also used by President Reagan.

After 13 days of trying without success to win Daniloff's unconditional freedom, the United States accepted a Soviet proposal to release the two men, both accused of espionage, to their ambassadors with the understanding that they would be available for trial.

Do the ups and downs of the stock market make a difference to anyone but the speculators? Indeed they do. The enormous rise of the market over the past year has clearly been a factor in the increased consumer spending that has helped to keep the economy expanding. Conversely a decline, if it persisted, would not only make individuals poorer but would discourage companies from investing.

It would be strange if, in this decade, stock prices were not unusually volatile — for much more influential prices, including the price of money itself, have been swinging wildly. Since the early 1970s, the commodity markets have shot up and down with great violence. Interest rates have moved more or less with them, on a spectacular scale. Over the past several years, the exchange rate of the dollar has risen and fallen much faster than at any time in its modern history. Perhaps this latest slide in the stock market will not amount to anything of lasting significance. But it is certainly a sign, among many others, of the profound instability of the economy in the 1980s.

Mexico And The Bankers

MEXICO and the banks have come to a tight and perilous place in their negotiations over the next round of loans. They are moving slowly, and it now appears that a successful conclusion is less than certain. The International Monetary Fund is the central mediator between the indebted Latin countries and their creditors, and at its board meeting last week it took an unusual step. To increase the pressure for progress, it reversed its usual procedure. Instead of waiting for the banks to commit themselves, it approved its own share of these loans and put its own money on the table first — a signal, in the language of these talks, of irritation and concern that they are going to slowly. And it set a deadline (September 28) for concluding them. If that deadline is missed, it is possible that the whole massive and intricate Mexican financial plan will come unraveled.

That plan, worked out between Mexico and the IMF in July, is a highly innovative blueprint to help the Mexicans absorb the shock of the fall in oil prices and to get their economy expanding again. It calls for \$12 billion in new loans to Mexico this year and next. Half is to come from the IMF and other international and government sources. The other half is to come from the American, European and Japanese banks to which Mexico already owes some \$75 billion.

In these negotiations each side holds a gun at the head of the other. Without additional bank lending, Mexico's hopes for a recovery next year fade out of sight. But if Mexico were to respond by holding up interest payments on the past loans, the result would be a worldwide banking crisis.

One issue is, inevitably, interest rates. The Mexicans are reportedly pressing for interest rates on the new loans set at the banks' cost of borrowing money — that is, with zero profit to the banks. The banks have refused, not least because they do not care to set a precedent that would be seized by other Latin debtors. And there are evidently other difficult issues arising from the extremely complex nature of these loans.

The IMF set September 29 as the deadline because, on the following day, the annual meetings of the IMF and the World Bank open here in Washington, attended by nearly every government in the world and thousands of commercial bankers. In that atmosphere, unresolved Mexican negotiations could easily become the central political issue of the occasion and increase North-South tensions in all the familiar unhelpful ways.

It's not a matter of blaming either the banks or the Mexicans. But the IMF is saying that those crucial talks are in danger of stalling. It's time for the negotiators to consider more carefully the costs of failure.

LETTER

The KAL Shootdown

MAY I make two points about Shootdown — Flight KAL 007 by R. W. Johnson? Firstly, your reviewer, Douglas B. Feaver (Guardian Weekly, July 13, 1986), says "the reader is alerted on page 2" by an incomplete quotation from an ICAO report. If Mr Feaver had remained on the alert he would have discovered the complete quotation on page 234.

Secondly, the map on pp46-47

shows Auckland as a 'base and free access port for attack submarines'. This is not correct, as Mrs Thatcher and Mr Reagan know — to their frustration and anger. There are also errors regarding Australian installations.

Arthur Batt,
Stevenson Way,
Howick,
New Zealand.

Reagan Under Fire For Deal Over Daniloff

WASHINGTON — American journalist Nicholas Daniloff and accused Soviet spy Gennadi Zakharov were released into the custody of their respective ambassadors in Moscow and New York on Friday last week after intense diplomatic negotiations. But Secretary of State George P. Shultz, calling the move "an interim step," said Daniloff remained a "hostage" in Moscow, a term also used by President Reagan.

After 13 days of trying without success to win Daniloff's unconditional freedom, the United States accepted a Soviet proposal to release the two men, both accused of espionage, to their ambassadors with the understanding that they would be available for trial.

But Shultz and other U.S. officials acknowledged serious obstacles to winning the complete freedom of Daniloff, with the Soviets insisting he should be treated similarly to the treatment shown toward Zakharov. A senior official familiar with the negotiations said, "We haven't budged, and they haven't budged."

Shultz insisted that there was "no equivalence" between the cases of Zakharov, a Soviet physicist and United Nations employee, and Daniloff, a Moscow correspondent for U.S. News & World Report. Reagan drew the distinction of the administration's point of view in a speech to the Rose Garden, where he referred to Daniloff as "our hostage in Moscow" and Zakharov as "the Soviet spy."

In a briefing on the agreement to release both men, Shultz told reporters the Daniloff case "damages the (Soviet-American) relationship," but said it would not stand in the way of his meeting this week with Soviet Foreign

Minister Eduard Shevardnadze or of a prospective summit between Reagan and Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev.

A senior official said Reagan approved the interim measure after receiving a report that included a medical evaluation saying that Daniloff, who suffers from high blood pressure, was under "extreme psychological pressure" during his imprisonment, which has included four hours of KGB interrogation a day.

Officials said that Shultz recommended and Reagan approved the interim release after the Soviets refused to accept two U.S. proposals. The first, accompanied by a

By Lou Cannon and
James R. Dickinson

personal assurance from Reagan that Daniloff was not a spy, was that the journalist be released outright without being charged while Zakharov was turned over to the Soviet ambassador pending trial. The Soviets rejected this proposal outright and charged Daniloff with espionage.

The second U.S. proposal involved release of Daniloff and a prospective swap of Zakharov for a Soviet dissident or dissidents, who were described as "political prisoners" by U.S. officials. The Soviets did not formally reject this idea but gave no positive response to it, sources said.

Administration officials said the negotiations with Moscow will continue, and several sources held out hope that a complete resolution could be worked out within a week. Others were less optimistic.

Pressure increased on the administration to force the Soviet Union to release Daniloff, with two leading senators calling on the

United States to refuse to participate in the proposed superpower summit meeting unless Daniloff is freed.

Senator Bill Bradley, D-N.J., and two former high administration officials — former national security adviser Robert C. McFarlane and former United Nations ambassador Jeane J. Kirkpatrick — also withdrew from a public debate on superpower relations between U.S. and Soviet policymakers in the Soviet Union to show their displeasure with the administration's handling of the Daniloff affair.

In addition to rejecting the proposed summit, Senators Richard G. Lugar, R-Ind., and Daniel Patrick Moynihan, D-N.Y., advocated cutting off subsidized grain sales to the Soviet Union, the expulsion of "500 spies" in the Soviet mission to the United Nations and restricting this week's meeting between Shultz and Shevardnadze to the Daniloff case alone if he has not been freed by then. Former secretary of state Henry A. Kissinger said of the Soviets, "They held an American for ransom and got what they wanted."

Deputy Secretary of State John Whitehead said he is optimistic that there will be a summit between Reagan and Gorbachev. Failure to resolve the Daniloff case would not necessarily preclude talks between the two superpowers, he said, because "if we terminate all discussions with the Soviet Union, then we cannot make progress on this case or on anything else."

"I think that the Soviets need a summit... and we would like a summit, but we're not ready to pay for it. The world will be better off if there is a summit, but it won't be the end of the world if there is no summit."

Genesis Of A Diplomatic Fiasco

Continued from page 16

there was no way of predicting against whom," he said. "It was decided both sides were going to do what they were going to do."

Apparently the decision to arrest Zakharov did not reach the president, Secretary of State George P. Shultz or White House chief of staff Donald Regan, according to administration officials.

The FBI decision was reviewed at an inter-agency meeting in mid-August that included Rodney McDaniel, National Security Council executive secretary and number three man on the NSC staff, and Michael H. Armacost, undersecretary of state and the third-ranking State Department official, according to administration officials. McDaniel later informed national security adviser John M. Poindexter, a knowledgeable official said.

The decision to apprehend Zakharov was "not presented as any big deal," according to one source, and was justified as part of an implementation of a general crackdown on Soviet espionage in the United States, a step Reagan had authorized several months earlier.

The Soviets, however, remain convinced the decision to "entrap" Zakharov and hold him in jail was approved by the American president, according to one Soviet diplomat. Most U.S. officials similarly believe Soviet leader Gorbachev, who was on vacation, must have known about and approved the seizing of Daniloff.

The Zakharov-Daniloff incident

has its roots in an ongoing secret "spy war" that has heated up over the past year with a spate of arrests, defections or trials of both Soviets and Americans involved in the business. One of the basic steps in this war is the recruiting of agents. Both sides do it around the world and within each other's national territories without second thought.

In Washington's eyes, the Soviet Union has a major advantage because of the ease of operating in the United States. According to the FBI, the largest number of Soviet recruiters, or "spotters," is buried within the Soviet contingent in New York, made up of some 600 employees of the United Nations and another 275 stationed in the separate Soviet diplomatic mission to the world body.

The Reagan administration, under conservative pressure, has made this presence a major issue, calling it "a nest of spies." Last March, Reagan issued an unprecedented order demanding that the number of diplomats in the Soviet mission in New York be cut to 170 by April 1988. But because the Soviet contingent working at the United Nations itself is set by quota, the far larger number there cannot be cut back.

Ironically, the Soviets, such as Zakharov, who have been arrested for spying have all been U.N. employees, not members of the mission, which is the target of the U.S.-demanded cutback.

There are several unanswered questions about the FBI decision to move against Zakharov. His importance appears to have been

largely symbolic; his recruitment of a Guynan student in New York posed only a marginal threat to U.S. security interests, and he was about to return to the Soviet Union.

Zakharov, under FBI surveillance from the day he took the U.N. job, had for three years been cultivating the student to become a Soviet agent. The student, code-named "Birge," during the whole period was collaborating with the bureau. Birge was working for a company doing unclassified defense work. His only access to classified information was what the bureau itself provided the day of Zakharov's arrest.

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MANILA, Philippines — Less than seven months after she came to power in a largely peaceful uprising that was hailed around the world, President Corazon Aquino is in trouble.

As she heads to Washington for a crucial first meeting with President Reagan this week, the 53-year-old widow, commonly known here as "Cory," remains highly popular among her 55 million compatriots. But for all her unquestioned sincerity and good intentions, there are signs of growing pessimism about her ability to handle the country's problems. The euphoria that accompanied her "people's power" revolution has largely given way to a sense that these problems may overwhelm her in the difficult times ahead.

Her government increasingly is perceived to be floundering amid the wreckage left by the disastrous administration of deposed president Ferdinand Marcos. But it is also weighed down with problems of its own making. While she holds the middle ground and does her best to referee infighting in her fractious 26-member Cabinet, centrifugal forces inexorably are pulling apart her unwieldy coalition, riven by multiple party loyalties, ideological differences and personality clashes.

Compounding her problems have been new gains by the radical left, the questionable loyalty of some elements in the military, the failure of the business community to make anticipated investments, a volatile labor situation, nation-wide feuding over the appointment of more than 1,600 governors and mayors, and the likelihood that the Aquino government will not have effective control of the future Congress. This assessment is based on interviews with government officials, military officers, communist rebels, church leaders, diplomats and a variety of other sources in different parts of the country over the last several months.

"Part of the problem is that Cory, having been brought to power as a sort of symbol who presides over warring groups, is not inclined to interfere with squabbles because she wants to be above it all," said a Cabinet

"Many of those who have criticized Aquino's government desperately want her presidency to succeed. 'I'd like to see her make it; I really would,' said one western military attaché. 'But she's surrounded by tigers and crocodiles.'"

minister. "She knows she is very popular, but the danger is that all these squabbles might engulf her." He added: "There's no doubt that everywhere Cory has gone, she has charmed people. She's honest and conducts herself in a high moral tone. But will she end up like Jimmy Carter?"

Similar expressions of concern have been aired by other prominent Aquino backers, notably the archbishop of Manila, Cardinal Jaime Sin. The spiritual leader of this predominantly Roman Catholic country, the only Christian nation in Asia, Sin was instrumental in mobilizing the church to support the military-led "revolution" that drove Marcos into exile in Hawaii. "Disunity shows its very ugly head," Sin said in a recent homily aimed at bickering government officials. "The gains of the revolution are little by little being lost."

Like Sin, many of those who have criticized Aquino's government desperately want her presidency to succeed. "I'd like to see her make it; I really would," said one western military attaché. "But she's surrounded by tigers and crocodiles."

In an interview last week, Aquino did not deny that pessimism about her government's uni-

The Troubled Presidency Of Corazon Aquino

ty has set in, but she renewed appeals for patience and understanding. "I guess there were very great expectations," she said. "Many people believed that in the short space of six months, many of our problems would be solved. I guess this has disappointed some of them." On the other hand, she added, many Filipinos "realize that with the enormity of our problems and our limited resources, government cannot really act as fast as it would like to in solving these problems." She indicated that she was banking heavily on increased foreign investment to generate more employment.

Aquino also complained that some of her problems were being exaggerated by an unshackled local press. Manila alone now has 24 scoop-hungry daily newspapers, which compete for circulation totaling only about 3 million.

Indeed, a case can be made for the optimism publicly expressed by the Reagan administration and other U.S. officials, such as Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman Richard G. Lugar, R-Ind., who visited here in August.

Having been vaulted into political prominence by the 1983 assassination of her husband, opposition leader Benigno Aquino Jr., the former housewife clearly has been "growing in the job" and steadily acquiring more confidence as the Philippines' seventh president.

Marcos loyalists still have a potential for disruption and outbreaks of violence against the Aquino government, but they pose no serious threat of overthrowing it. The deposed Marcos, who turned 69 on Thursday, has been reduced to a grating voice in the Hawaiian wilderness, issuing dire warnings that World War III will erupt in the Philippines unless he returns to power. Equally implausibly, his wife, Imelda, now complains that Aquino is wearing one of the 8,000 pairs of shoes left behind in Malacanang Palace.

Besides showing greater self-confidence, Aquino has upheld her reputation for common sense, honesty and integrity — virtues generally agreed to be badly needed in the country today after the Marcos era. And, as much as she says she harbors no ambition for power, Aquino expresses a determination to succeed. "I am not one to give up very easily," she said in the interview.

Yet, a wide range of sources agree, the reasons for pessimism about her government these days outweigh the positive factors. In the interview, Aquino said she was a member of no political party, although she ran for president under the banner of her vice president's party. She has spurned suggestions from supporters that she form her own party, explaining that "there are enough political parties and I do not want to add more confusion."

Some supporters fear that this disdain for dirtying her hands in politics will further undermine the effectiveness of her government when Filipinos vote in local and legislative elections set for next year. "In effect, she is abdicating the political leadership, and this will have very dangerous repercussions in Congress," said the mayor of a large provincial city. "Being an apolitical person, she cannot conceptualize the need for a political organization to support her" presidency. "The dynamics of governance are not perceived by her. She expects people to follow her because she has good intentions."

In contrast to the directionless drift that is widely attributed to

the Aquino government, communist rebels and their leftist allies have emerged as the only unified force with a clear, common goal. The left has recovered, both rebel and military sources agree, from the isolation and disarray it displayed immediately following the February 22-25 "revolution" that brought Aquino to power in the wake of the victory claimed by Marcos in a rigged presidential election.

In a rare public admission of a "major tactical blunder," the Communist Party of the Philippines acknowledged in May that it had erred in promoting a boycott of the February 7 national election, a policy that isolated it from the anti-Marcos upthral that fol-

As the Philippines President makes her much-heralded visit to Washington, William Branigan examines her regime's chances of survival.



Mrs Aquino asks for patience.

lowed. Now, after a period of "self-criticism and rectification," including leadership changes, the outlawed party and its armed wing, the New People's Army (NPA), have adjusted their strategy and appear again to be making headway in their 17-year-old "people's war."

Elements of the country's 250,000-member armed forces, meanwhile, appear to be growing increasingly frustrated with what they see as the Aquino administration's naive approach to the insurgency and communist influence in government. Some officers close to Defense Minister Juan Ponce Enrile, the Philippines' leading anti-communist crusader, now openly discuss the prospect of staging a military coup sometime in the future if the perceived "leftward drift becomes intolerable."

"If Cory Aquino is seen as a continuator being soft on communists to the point they become too strong, she will have to contend with a military that is very agitated," said a member of an armed forces reform movement that spearheaded the revolt against Marcos. "If the military

has to launch a corrective movement, I don't think it will be bad for the Filipinos," he added. He said there would be "no martial rule" and that the military would "just kill a few NPAs."

The economy, so damaged by the "crony capitalism" and outright plunder of Marcos' 20-year rule, has shown signs of improvement. But there is widespread concern that the gains may be too small and come too slowly to resolve some of the underlying causes of the insurgency.

Contributing to this concern is the realization that the United States, for all its good will toward the Aquino government, will apparently prove incapable of supplying the massive aid that many here had hoped would amount to a new Marshall Plan for the Philippines.

Part of the problem is that the business community, which provided crucial support for Aquino in the February election, is mired in a Catch-22. Businessmen are reluctant to invest because of uncertainty arising mainly from the communist insurgency. But progress in undercutting the insurgency depends largely on an economic turnaround, which requires business confidence and new investments. An exasperated Aquino made matters worse, some businessmen believe, by publicly scolding the business community in a recent speech, accusing it of timidity.

A major worry for the business community has been the wave of strikes it has suffered since Aquino assumed the presidency and installed a leftist human rights lawyer, Augusto Sanchez, as labor minister. Many of the strikes have been called by the militant Kilusang Mayo Uno (May 1 Movement), a labor federation dominated by the Communist Party. So far this year, the Labor Ministry has recorded 428 strikes, a figure that already exceeds the 371 strikes called in 1986.

Another source of trouble for the Aquino government is the Constitutional Commission, a 48-member body appointed by Aquino in May to draft a new constitution that will pave the way for local and legislative elections, probably early next year. The commission, beset by bickering and long-winded debates between a minority leftist bloc and a more conservative majority, has missed an informal September 2 deadline set by Aquino for completing its work. In the process, it has delved into areas that some critics feel would be better left to a legislature, such as setting the ratio of foreign equity in business enterprises, a subject of intense debate that led to a walkout by the leftist bloc amid condemnation of what it called "the tyranny of the majority."

So many clauses are being inserted into the charter, wrote one critic of the commission, columnist Maximino Soliven, that "I am surprised that up to now nobody has suggested that the draft constitution prescribe the brand of toothpaste to be used by every Filipino."

According to a Cabinet minister and other political sources, the commission may already have thrown a major obstacle in front of the Aquino government by passing a provision for a nationally elected Senate and a House of Representatives elected by district. The sources said that, based on past experiences, such a system was likely to prove tedious and time-consuming. Senators have tended to "spend their time

posturing as future presidents, they said, and district — instead of province-wide — elections of representatives have served to perpetuate the dynasties of political warlords. A unicameral legislature might be more suitable for the Philippines, these observers said.

"The purse and legislation will be controlled by Congress, and it will be the most independent one you've ever seen in the history of the country," said a Cabinet minister. Given the fractious political situation and splits in the Aquino coalition, he predicted, "The government will lose control of Congress and will not be able to accomplish anything. In the end, the bicameral system will be more conducive to a stalemated government."

Perhaps the most divisive factor in the Aquino government has been the appointment of "officers in charge" to replace the 74 governors, 60 city mayors and

"Contributing to this concern is the realization that the United States for all its goodwill toward the Aquino government, will apparently prove incapable of supplying the massive aid that many here had hoped would amount to a new Marshall Plan for the Philippines."

1,520 town and village mayors elected or appointed under the Marcos government. The appointments have been the responsibility of the minister of local governments, Aquilino Pimentel Jr., an ambitious former mayor who was once jailed by Marcos on subversion charges for allegedly helping communist rebels.

Pimentel is a leader of the PDP-Laban party, a left-of-center group headed by the president's brother, Jose P. "Peping" Cojuangco. Members of the United Nationalist Democratic Organization, a rival party known as UNIDO and headed by Vice President Salvador Laurel, have accused Pimentel of appointing a disproportionate number of his own party members as governors and mayors to further his own presidential aspirations. Pimentel denies this.

Nevertheless, it is clear that the fortunes of Laurel's UNIDO have waned under the Aquino government, and he has openly broached the prospect of allying with a conservative opposition group, the Nacionalista Party, in the forthcoming local and congressional elections. The latter party was formed recently by a protégé of Defense Minister Enrile and is widely viewed as a vehicle for his own presidential ambitions. Most of its members are defectors from Marcos' once-powerful New Society Movement party, which split after his ouster.

All this raises the likelihood, according to political analysts, that the PDP-Laban will line up in the next elections with the newly formed Partido Ng Bayan, which is essentially a legal communist party put together by Jose Maria Sison, the founding chairman of the Communist Party of the Philippines, and Bernabe Buscayno, alias Commander Dante, the original leader of the communist New People's Army. Both were released from prison by Aquino.

At the Partido Ng Bayan's founding congress in Manila on Aug. 30, Sison said the party's participation in elections would be "secondary" to "extralegal forms of struggle," which he did not define. Party officials said they expected to win 20 percent of the 1,900 positions that will be at stake in the local and congressional elections.

According to leaders of the communist underground, the formation of the Partido Ng Bayan reflects a major shift in Communist Party strategy.

"To us, it doesn't matter how you win power," one party official said.

Declamations of Waugh

By Polly Toynbee

ON THE cover of his book *Auberon Waugh* appears, glass of port in hand, leaning against the column of a small gazebo while behind him, our great institutions burn. In his classes, wimmin, in his National Service, in his civilised band of bearded English are beleaguered by marauding barbarian hordes of blacks, bores, social workers, Jews, blacks, the proletariat and, above all, Shirley Williams, whom he holds responsible for all the above.

What chance would an interviewer from the Guardian stand against such a man? To take him seriously is to invite the accusation of predictable humourlessness. But is he to be dismissed as nothing more than a venial hack, or a joke, if something of a bad joke?

"Well, one does ham it up," he says when asked if he really means what he writes. But yes, he does mean it, mostly. A collection of his Spectator articles is published this month. Taken together, they make a pretty unpalatable read — spiteful, snobbish, nasty, arrogant — essentially serious but lightly disguised with an icing of jokes.

"One," as he would say, was in two minds about whether to meet him or just to write what "one" thought about him. Disarmingly charming, I was warned. Indeed he is affable enough, polite, a little shy, certainly not fierce. His voice, clipped and precise, is studiously old-fashioned — a voice from the BBC sound archives. Interviewing him in the tiny office of the Literary Review, the magazine he now edits, in a room full of his young staff was not easy.

"Certainly I see proletarian culture as a threat," he says. "Everywhere proletarian appetites are prevailing. It's not a capitalist conspiracy to give them rap. If they wanted something else they'd be given it. Of course one protects one's own appetites and amusements. A docker in Liverpool wants more of what he likes — sausage and mash and all that... he says waving his hands in the air. (Is the anachronism of the Liverpool docker deliberate?)

He is the elitist who dares to speak its name. Waugh is no longer a maverick, but he has the nerve to write down what is being said over a hundred influential dinner tables at night in London. What he prints boldly is to be heard in the bars and on the terraces of the House of Commons among Tory back benchers of the on/off tendency. The wiser among the rightwing establishment may moderate their tones in public, but Waugh prints what they only dare to say privately among themselves.

Waugh, the clown, gives heart to the bores and the selfish who laugh with him as he writes that there is no need to feed or house the poor, for they are mostly imbeciles and idlers. Government must save the elite from the clutches of the ignorant masses. Good Christians need only look to their own private salvation and not worry about the plight of others. All government spending is folly; the money always fetches up in the purses of the social workers and not the poor. Interfering with man's natural inequality is absurd, dangerous and impossible. All things modern are an abomination. Long live the past.

"But I'm not a political person," he claims, perversely. "I have a hatred of all politicians. They are all mad. All have a serious character failing." He curls his lip and mimics as he says: "They talk of idealism, wanting to Create a

Better Britain for many of them. Shirley Williams Of the special detestation. He is as long as there is breath in my body I shall seek to punish, torment, humiliate and ridicule this loathsome pig-headed woman for the damage she has done to her country." His excuse is her time as education Minister when she closed the last few grammar schools.

"She removed," he writes, "any prospect the working class might ever have had of improving himself, escaping from the miserable proletarian rut which the workers create for themselves wherever they have the upper hand." But there is more to his loathing than a laudable if unexpected concern for the welfare of working class children.

"Yes," he admits, she is a symbol for him. "She has done more harm to this country than Hitler." How? "She symbolises Decent, Reasonable, Middle-of-the-Road England, believing truth lies in compromise and common sense. And they always get it wrong. She has that ghastly sincere way of talking. I can't stand it." Would he have hated her as much if she'd been a man? "No, probably not." The moderates, he says, are the ones he hates. Extremists of any persuasion he tolerates.



Auberon Waugh

"There's no doubt her view is a Nicer, Kinder, Cosier view, where problems have solutions and the world can be made a Better Place." He sneers as he speaks and goes on to imply there is something so much more noble about facing the harsh reality of a world where nothing can be improved. In the next breath he says: "I'm really bothered if they go and put up the income tax again."

The book's blurb says Waugh's work "invites comparison with that of Jonathan Swift." But he belongs to a more disreputable tradition of British journalism — the professional "controversialist."

Of course, no matter what he says, doesn't matter how true or false it is, doesn't matter if he believes it himself or not, so long as he keeps on shocking the readers. Facts are few and far between in his pieces — not, I suspect, from any endemic laziness in the man, but from a fear that a fact or two might confuse his prejudices.

"I like to stand against the prevailing orthodoxy," he says, casting himself in a somewhat heroic mould. But, after seven years of Conservative Government, his views have become very nearly the prevailing orthodoxy of the present establishment. "Yes," he says, "it is rather less funny to say what I say now. Seeing my views appear in Sun and News of the World leaders is no fun at all. One doesn't like to hear stupid people holding one's views." He says he detects himself, as a result,

becoming increasingly liberal in recent articles, snobbish driving him away from his allies, recoiling in disgust from his own supporters. He is The Spectator's figurehead, its jester, and The Spectator, like him, represents the old fashioned Christian reactionary right, rather than the "radical" right of Thatcher, Tebbit and the Institute of Economic Affairs. The reactionaries now, however, have become so triumphant and extreme that there is little to separate them from the "radicals" except a snobbish distaste for Poincaré, shopkeepers from Grantham.

He lives for half the week in a large mansion in Somerset, which has not one but eight wine cellars. He plans to retire when the cellars are full, in five years or so. He has four children and a wife who, he says, takes no particular exception to his writings. (He appears in this book to be broadly in favour of marital rape and wife-beating.)

He attacks anything to do with feminism. "If you scratch me hard enough, you might find that I do think it better for family life for a man to go out to work and for his wife to stay at home and look after the children, unless, just though that may be."

An English gentleman is what he aspires to be, and he writes frequently of that state. He boasts of his inheritance of blue blood from the ancient line of Herbots on his mother's side. But most of his readers must be more keenly aware of his inheritance on his father's side. He affects his father's views on the snobbery, the Catholicism, the hatred of the unsmart, and the socially and culturally inferior. Evelyn Waugh was never Britain's greatest novelist this century. He was a tortured, self-hating man, revealing episodes of madness in one book, all of which perhaps explained at least a part of his rude, violent, snobbish behaviour — the wound that powered the bow.

Poor Bron is but a Randolph to a Winston. He spies the outward bluster, the obnoxious views, the religion, the snobbery, the devotion to an ancient regime of which he was a member. But underneath, on the evidence of his writings, one suspects there is no tortured self-hate — only a man rather pleased with himself, complacent in his obnoxiousness. No wounds here, and only a tiny bow.

He is a disappointment even in the terms of his own writing. He describes himself several times as a "practitioner of the vituperative arts." But curiously his range of epithets is mainly limited to the prep school of the 1940s. His vocabulary of insults consists of unilluminating generalities — ghastly, horrible, silly, boring, disgusting, odious, repulsive, hideous and goodie-goodie.

Of course, his journalism looks worse collected together, for it is frequently repetitious — same jokes, same anecdotes. He can be very funny — but by the end of the book there isn't much to laugh at. The underlying smugness about his own cultural values leaves a nasty taste, and the sheer selfishness and contempt for all those not of his class palls once the shock wears off.

Meeting him was a disappointment, not to find a monster, or a brute, but only a rather weak and seedy sort of man, who, despite everything, seemed to want to please. His friends tell me that he is really rather thin skinned and vulnerable. He has no right to be, and it only adds cowardice to his catalogue of vices.

Another Voice, an Alternative Anatomy of Britain by Auberon Waugh is published by Firehorn Press, £9.95.

Exile and the kingdom

By Waldemar Januszczak

THERE were a million stories in the naked city of London during the Blitz and of course Ludwig Meidner was just one of them. But what a sad and peculiar story it was.

Before the war Meidner had been a noted painter and teacher of art in his native Germany. In Paris as a student he had been a close friend of Modigliani. In Germany Max Beckmann was his keenest supporter.

Successful, wealthy, Jewish, Meidner was 56 when war drove him into exile in London and he began his new career as a part-time caretaker in a morgue. During air raids he would sketch the corpses in his care. His portraits were then shown to relatives to help them identify the dead. On his return to Germany, Meidner lived out his life in various odd people's homes, and died forgotten.

This is the same Ludwig Meidner whose contribution to the recent survey of German Art in the 20th Century, at the Royal Academy, was one of the show's great successes, a painter of dark, apocalyptic landscapes with huge ambitions. Meidner's smouldering wastelands were determined to stand for the spiritual state of the whole of Europe.

This same Meidner's sweaty, caretaker's face stares out at you with real fierceness near the start of Art in Exile in Great Britain, 1933-45, a sad collection of broken life-stories and crudely scrambled aesthetics. War, like love, is a great and cruel leveller. That is the point made over and over again. Almost every artist in the show was an artist of note in Germany before Hitler's rise. Almost all of them came from a comfortable Jewish bourgeois home. Few avoided the aesthetic oblivion that greets and traps the artist in exile.

Some of their stories are now well known enough to have taken on a spurious romantic glow. Kurt Schwitters' obscure life and death in the Lake District has been enshrined in artistic folklore. He is the only major 20th century artist to have died in Britain and nobody even knew he was here.

Schwitters is hardly noticeable in the main body of the exhibition, represented by some of the dull realistic portraits with which he scratched out a living. But then, right at the end, in a tiny modernist enclave he shares with Naum Gabo, a choice selection of his collages and merz-works for the story of Art in Exile to run parallel for a moment with the story of modern art.

While Ludwig Meidner sketched corpses the constructivist Naum Gabo continued his pre-war search for the perfect curved grid. Gabo's delicate snow-white abstraction sits uncomfortably on the edge of the show like a dove among crows. Unlike most of his co-exhibitors Gabo was taken up and sheltered by the English avant garde, which is otherwise conspicuous by its absence here, both as an influence and as a support. Dominated by the polite French aesthetics championed by Roger Fry, British modernism stuck its silly Bloomsbury nose in the air and ignored the tough German realism which dominates these proceedings.

Herman Fechenbach is still alive, still working in isolation, still in England. Why he was never allowed to become a great post-war political caricaturist only the wilful gods of exile know. Fechenbach's line is as sharp as a blade. It attacks the image of



Fechenbach's caricature of Hitler, 1943.

Moholy-Nagy, Gropius, Gabo. Breuer were so dismayed by the lack of encouragement, they received in Britain that they all moved on to America quickly to revolutionise architecture and design.

Others like Fechenbach and F. H. K. Henrichson were belligerent, attention-grabbing posters among the show's major redoubts, were either ignored, lightly diverted into academia, where they spluttered away, pleasantly but impotently.

Thus the final observation made by this dark and fertile show is not that much talent was saved but that a great opportunity was wasted.

Art in Exile at the Camden Arts Centre, Arkwright Road, London NW3, until October 5.

Driven to the arms of a devil

THEATRE by Michael Billington

ANY lingering suspicion that Alan Ayckbourn is a boulevard lightweight should be ruthlessly dispelled by *Woman in Mind* at the Vaudeville. It is about female frustration, despair, and madness and shows its heroine torn between reality and fantasy, God and the Devil. Yet, without trivialising its subject, it also manages to be very funny. Much improved since its Scarborough premiere last year, it goes even further than *Just Between Ourselves* in pushing Ayckbourn's Comedy of Pain to its extremist limits.

Julia McKenzie plays (superbly) Susan, a middle-aged woman conspired by a blow on the head from a garden-rake. In the real world, she is tormented by the insufferable amnesia of her vicar-husband, the lousy cooking and paranormal enthusiasms of her sister-in-law, and the unbroken silence of her son, who is part of a Trappist order in Hemel Hempstead.

After her concussion, she is prey to visitations from a fantasy-family for whom she is the perfect wife, mother, and sister. Britain's leading historical novelist and a cherished figure to be feted with Dom Perignon 1978 in mid-morning. What makes the play technically adventurous and spiritually unnerving is that Ayckbourn allows the two worlds to collide as Susan finally spirals into total madness.

As our leading feminist dramatist, Ayckbourn is obviously writing about what happens to women when they are made to feel redundant as wives and mothers. "Sex," Susan says to her husband, "was once something we did together like gardening — now I have to do that on my own as well."

Much of the play's comedy springs from the vivid hideousness of Susan's surroundings: the unspeakable husband who has neglected her for the sake of a 60-page history of the parish since 1386 and the appalling sister-in-law who sprinkles Earl Grey tea on the omelettes and who puts a visiting doctor to flight at the

prospect of her dessert.

Ayckbourn is clearly writing about what drives women to distraction. But just as *Way Upstream* was a fable about evil, so this play, I believe, is really about the failings of modern religion. Susan's husband has turned the church into a specialised antiquarian interest. Her sister-in-law is the victim of psychic self-delusion and believes her dead husband is inscribing messages on her ceiling. And Susan's son represents a cranky, narcissistic sectarianism. Felled by God's representatives and Christian love, Susan literally flees into the arms of the Devil; and, although Ayckbourn is no Teilhard de Chardin, his play is quite astonishing in even airing spiritual issues on the degraded West End stage.

It is a much deeper play than it looks. It also works far better on a proscenium-stage than in-the-round because it is easier to establish the sheer otherness of Susan's alternative world: Roger Glossop's set and David Hersey's lighting create a sinister-seductive, J.M. Barrie-ish ambience full of receding poplars, marble statuary, Byzantine mazes. Ayckbourn's favourite set, a garden, turns from secret paradise into living nightmare.

Julia McKenzie also brings to Susan an extraordinary mixture of shrewdness, longing, hope, despair. Her face offers a total map of her emotions: one sees the light dim in her eyes as her son cruelly tells her she would have ruined any daughter as well. It is the performance of her career; and she is admirably abetted by Martin Jarvis as the cardiganed vicar who talks in italics as if he has a portable pulpit and by Peter Blythe as the secretly admiring doctor who hides his emotions behind a guilty, nervous brav.

Maybe Ayckbourn (who directs with utter assurance) hasn't quite cracked the problem of the surreal climax. What is remarkable is that our most popular playwright has written a savage tragic-comedy about the light that failed.

A rich reward

SOMETHING rich and strange is currently taking place at the Drill Hall in Chertsey Street: a production by Tara Arts of *The Broken Thigh*, written in the 4th century BC by the Sanskrit playwright Bhasa and itself based upon the great Indian epic, the Mahabharata. In its epic form and non-realistic style, it offers a radical alternative to most of the theatre available in London. It is also, frankly, a good way of familiarising oneself with the story before the Peter Brook-Jean Claude Carriere version arrives in Britain next year.

For the average Western spectator it is not always easy: in Bhasa's compressed version, the dynastic rivalry between the Kauravas and the Pandavas sometimes seems as inextricable as the York-Lancaster conflict in Shakespeare's *Henry VI* would be to many Indian audiences (a small genealogical chart in the programme might not be a bad idea). I also still have difficulty coming to terms with the figure of Krishna who is both an all-knowing god full of wise saws ("A man lives a long life before realising the full extent of his dharma") and also someone who intervenes directly in the climactic war of destruction between the rival families. Fate determines the

outcome; but Krishna is not above giving the underdogs a helping hand.

Jatinder Verma's production is worth seeing, however, partly because it is so different from our conventional expectations of drama: this is narrative theatre in which a story is told through language, action, dance and spectacle. The framework is provided by Krishna recounting to the child, Duryodhana, the story of the boy's militant father, Duryodhana, "the one who is difficult to conquer". Duryodhana is constantly at war with his cousins, the Pandavas. He strives with one of them for the hand of the beautiful Draupadi, sets up a game of dice in which he strips them of their fortunes and brings about their 13-year exile in a forest and eventually provokes the destruction of the earth in a titanic, climactic battle. It is closer to Homer than Euripides. But Verma's production is surprisingly successful in conveying the epic arch of the story in a simple setting: a stony circle ringed by rocks and banners. For three hours (give or take the odd luncheon) you are kept watching; above all, you are reminded that outside Western realism there is a world elsewhere.

WITH THE CONTRAS, by Christopher Dickey, Faber, £12.50. TURNING THE TIDE, US INTERVENTION IN CENTRAL AMERICA, by Noam Chomsky, Pluto, £5.95.

WHEN President Reagan addressed the nation recently to rally Congressional support for his \$100 million in open support for Nicaragua's contras he said on television: "I ask for your help in remembering our history in Central America so we can learn from the mistakes of the past. Too often our government appeared indifferent when democratic values were at risk. . . . The young men and women of the democratic resistance fight inside Nicaragua today in grueling mountain and jungle warfare. . . . Who among us would tell these brave young men and women — your dream is dead, your democratic revolution is over, you will never live in the free Nicaragua you fought so hard to build?"

President Reagan's speech-writers clearly haven't read Christopher Dickey's detailed and nasty account of the US relationship with these pathetic or crazed individuals.

Dickey was the Washington Post's correspondent in the area for nearly four years. In what seems like a strange fascination with the unheroic he spent much of his time with the contras in

BOOKS

Thugs of war

By Victoria Brittain

Honduras. Men whose nicknames reveal their lives — Suicide and El Muerto — became his companions. Their records as murderers and torturers with no political ideas or plans are spelt out in appalling descriptive passages. Dickey even went into Nicaragua with them on a destructive foray which nearly cost him his life.

In Miami, Tegucigalpa and Washington, Dickey talked to the men who invented this war. He joined the CIA chief William Casey and his men on a lightning two day trip to their Central American domains.

Later, he listened to the baffled educated Nicaraguan frontmen whom Casey's executives had paid and flattered and lied to about the early success of their war. Talking about Suicide and his men the leaders of the contras would explain to Dickey that the terrible brutality and killings were a special case "something like My Lai". Dickey knew better — My Lai only symbolised the everyday horror of

Vietnam, and Suicide, before he was finally executed for his excesses, only symbolised the everyday mindless horror of what was then called the "Secret War" in Central America.

Today it is a public war and the Congress's \$100 million is being boosted by another secret \$400 million from the CIA, according to the Senate Democratic leader Robert Byrd.

By the end of Dickey's racy narrative the reader is left baffled as to how the most powerful country in the world has allowed a key plank of its foreign policy to depend on such an ineffectual bunch of thugs.

Noam Chomsky's ambitious and wide ranging book comes in just where Dickey leaves off. He pulls into a fascinating and coherent picture not just Reagan's contras in Nicaragua, but the foreign policy which underlies the new destructive "aid" feeding similar unwinnable wars in Angola and Mozambique.

With a similar concern to President Reagan's — of looking back at US relations with all Central America — Chomsky concentrates particularly on the background to the US backed wars in El Salvador and Nicaragua. With a wealth of detail, from US policy towards Ho Chi Minh, to the CIA coup in Guatemala in 1954, he illustrates the American pattern of turning their nationalist enemies into Soviet clients.

The blockade against Nicaragua, like the US aid to Savimbi in Angola, runs against US trade interests, pushing the country towards dependence on the Soviet Union but also, as Chomsky puts it, in favour of a more important US interest which is "to justify an attack against Nicaragua in defence of the Fifth Freedom — the US's freedom to rob and exploit" — a key concept in Chomsky's thought.

Chomsky's book will not, like Dickey's, be easy fashionable reading for those who enjoy mocking the outrageous lies and limited perceptions of Reagan's Washington. But in spite of its dense prose it is rich reading for anyone trying to understand how the majority in Congress came to collude with paying for squalid criminals to mutilate and murder teachers, nurses, priests and others organising peasants in Nicaragua for the dreams of education, health and the right to work for yourself.

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Declamations of Waugh

By Polly Toynbee

ON THE cover of his book Auberon Waugh appears, glass of port in hand, leaning against the column of a small gazebo while behind him our great institutions burn. He is to the ground by the "National Alternative" and a British "Alternative" band of present-day English are beleaguered by "barbarian hordes" of "bored, social workers, Jews, blacks, the proletariat and, above all, Shirley Williams, whom he holds responsible for all the above."

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He is the elitist who dares to speak his name. Waugh is no longer a maverick, but he has the nerve to write down what is being said over a hundred influential dinner tables at night in London. What he prints boldly is to be heard in the bars and on the terraces of the House of Commons among Tory back benchers of the oilfield tendency. The wiser among the rightwing establishment may moderate their tones in public, but Waugh prints what they only dare to say privately among themselves.

Waugh, the clown, gives heart to the bores and the selfish who laugh with him as he writes that there is no need to feed or house the poor, for they are mostly imbeciles and idlers. Government must save the elite from the clutches of the ignorant masses. Good Christians need only look to their own private salvation and not worry about the plight of others. All government spending is folly: the money always fetches up in the purses of the social workers and not the poor. Interfering with man's natural inequality is absurd, dangerous and impossible. All things modern are an abomination. Long live the past.

"But I am not a political person," he claims, perversely. "I have a hatred of all politicians. They are all mad. All have a serious character failing." He curls his lip and mimics as he says: "They talk of idealism, wanting to create a

Better Britain," Shirley Williams. Of idealism, detestation. He is long as there is breath of body I shall seek to punish, humiliate and ridicule for the damage she has done to her country." His excuse is her time as education Minister when she closed the last few grammar schools.

"She removed," he writes, "any prospect the working class child might ever have had of improving himself, escaping from the miserable proletarian rut which the workers' create for themselves wherever they have the upper hand." But there is more to his loathing than a laudable if unexpected concern for the welfare of working class children.

"Yes," he admits, she is a symbol for him. "She has done more harm to this country than Hitler." How? "She symbolises Decent, Reasonable, Middle-of-the-Road England, believing truth lies in compromise and common sense. And they always get it wrong. She has that ghastly sincere way of talking. I can't stand it." Would he have hated her as much if she'd been a man? "No, probably not." The moderates, he says, are the ones he hates. Extremists of any persuasion he tolerates.



Auberon Waugh

"There's no doubt her view is a Nicer, Kinder, Cosier view, where problems have solutions and the world can be made a Better Place." He sneers as he speaks and goes on to imply there is something so much more noble about facing the harsh reality of a world where nothing can be improved. In the next breath he says: "I'm really bothered if they go and put up the income tax again."

The book's blurb says Waugh's work "invites comparison with that of Jonathan Swift." But he belongs to a more disreputable tradition of British journalism — the professional "controversialist."

It doesn't matter what he says, doesn't matter how true or false it is, doesn't matter if he believes it himself or not, so long as he keeps on shocking the readers. Facts are few and far between in his pieces of laziness in the man, but from a fear that a fact or two might confuse his prejudices.

"I like to stand against the prevailing orthodoxy," he says, casting himself in a somewhat heroic mould. But, after seven years of Conservative Government, his views have become very nearly the prevailing orthodoxy of the present establishment. "Yes," he says, "it is rather less funny to say what I say now. Seeing my views appear in Sun and News of the World, leaders are no fun at all. One doesn't like to hear stupid people holding one's views." He says he detects himself, as a result,

becoming increasingly liberal in recent articles, snobbery driving him away from his allies, recoiling in disgust from his own supporters. He is The Spectator's figurehead, its jester, and The Spectator, like him, represents the old fashioned Christian reactionary right, rather than the "radical" right of Thatcher, Tebbit and the Institute of Economic Affairs. The reactionaries now, however, have become so triumphant and extreme that there is little to separate them from the "radicals" — except a snobbish distaste for Poulantzas shopkeepers from Grantham.

He lives for half the week in a large mansion in Somerset, which has not one but eight wine cellars. He plans to retire when the cellars are full, in five years or so. He has four children and a wife who, he says, takes no particular exception to his writings. (He appears in this book to be broadly in favour of marital rape and wife-beating.)

He attacks anything to do with feminism. "If you scratch me hard enough, you might find that I do think it better for family life for a man to go out to work and for his wife to stay at home and look after the children, unjust though that may be."

An English gentleman is what he aspires to be, and he writes frequently of that state. He boasts of his inheritance of blue blood from the ancient line of Herborts on his mother's side. But most of his readers must be more keenly aware of his inheritance on his father's side. He affects his father's views — the snobbery, the Catholicism, the hatred of the unsanitary, and the socially and culturally inferior. Evelyn Waugh was perhaps Britain's greatest novelist this century. He was a tortured, self-hating man, revealing episodes of madness in one book, all of which perhaps explained at least a part of his rude, violent, snobbish behaviour — the wound that powered the bow.

Poor Bron is but a Randolph to a Winston. He apes the outward bluster, the obvious views, the religion, the snobbery, the devotion to an ancient regime of which he was a member. But underneath, on the evidence of his writings, one suspects there is no tortured self-hate — only a man rather pleased with himself, complacent in his obnoxiousness. No wounds here, and only a tiny bow.

He is a disappointment even in the terms of his own writing. He describes himself several times as a "practitioner of the vituperative arts." But curiously his range of epithets is mainly limited to the prep school of the 1940s. His vocabulary of insults consists of unilluminating generalities — ghoulish, horrible, silly, boring, disgusting, odious, repulsive, hideous and goodie-goodie.

Of course, his journalism looks worse collected together, for it is frequently repetitious — same jokes, same anecdotes. He can be very funny — but by the end of the book there isn't much to laugh at. The underlying snobbery about his own cultural values leaves a nasty taste, and the sheer selfishness and contempt for all those not of his class palls once the shock wears off.

Meeting him was a disappointment, not to find a monster, or a brute, but only a rather weak and seedy sort of man, who, despite everything, seemed to want to please. His friends tell me that he is really rather thin skinned and vulnerable. He has no right to be, and it only adds cowardice to his catalogue of vices.

Another Voice, an Alternative Anatomy of Britain by Auberon Waugh is published by Firehorn Press, £9.95.

Exile and the kingdom

By Waldemar Januszczak

THERE were a million stories in the naked city of London during the Blitz and of course Ludwig Meidner's was just one of them. But what a sad and peculiar story it was.

Before the war Meidner had been a noted painter and teacher of art in his native Germany. In Paris as a student he had been a close friend of Modigliani. In Germany Max Beckmann was his keenest supporter.

Successful, wealthy, Jewish, Meidner was 56 when war drove him into exile in London and he began his new career as a part-time caretaker in a morgue. During air raids he would sketch the corpses in his care. His portraits were then shown to relatives to help them identify the dead. On his return to Germany, Meidner lived out his life in various old people's homes, and died forgotten.

This is the same Ludwig Meidner whose contribution to the recent survey of German Art in the 20th Century, at the Royal Academy, was one of the show's great successes, a painter of dark, apocalyptic landscapes with huge ambitions. Meidner's smouldering wastelands were determined to stand for the spiritual state of the whole of Europe.

This same Meidner's sweaty, carotaker's face stares out at you with real fierceness near the start of Art in Exile in Great Britain, 1933-46, a sad collection of broken life-stories and crudely scrambled aesthetics.

War, like love, is a great and cruel leveller. That is the point made over and over again. Almost every artist in the show was an artist of note in Germany before Hitler's rise. Almost all of them came from a comfortable Jewish bourgeois home. Few avoided the aesthetic oblivion that greets and traps the artist in exile.

Some of their stories are now well known enough to have taken on a spurious romantic glow. Kurt Schwitters' obscure life and death in the Lake District has been enshrined in artistic folklore. He is the only major 20th century artist to have died in Britain and nobody even knew he was here.

Schwitters is hardly noticeable in the main body of the exhibition, represented by some of the dull realistic portraits with which he scratched out a living. But then, right at the end, in a tiny modernist enclave he shares with Naum Gabo, a choice selection of his collages andmerz-works for the story of Art in Exile to run parallel for a moment with the story of modern art.

While Ludwig Meidner sketched corpses the constructivist Naum Gabo continued his pre-war search for the perfect curved grid. Gabo's delicate snow-white abstraction sits uncomfortably on the edge of the show like a dove among crows.

Unlike most of his co-exhibitors Gabo was taken up and sheltered by the English avant garde which is otherwise conspicuous by its absence here, both as an influence and as a support. Dominated by the polite, French aesthetes championed by Roger Fry, British modernism stuck its silly, Bloomsbury nose in the air and ignored the tough German realism which dominates these proceedings.

Herman Fechenbach is still alive, still working in isolation, still in England. Why he was never allowed to become a great post-war political caricaturist only the wilful gods of exile know. Fechenbach's line is as sharp as a broadsword. It attacks the image of

Hitler like a guard-dog savaging a burglar.

The state of exile imposes aesthetic equality as drastically as it imposes the material variety. Interned on the Isle of Man in the ramshackle prison camp of Hutchinson Square, surrounded by barbed wire fences and jerry-built huts, the modernist architect Bruno Ahrends dreamed up a scheme for a futuristic high-rise rebuilding of Douglas. He then proposed a series of tower-block seaside resorts for the bombed coastal towns.

Ahrends' hopeless modernist dreams are among the most poignant exhibits in an extremely poignant show.

Leszlo Moholy-Nagy, who also arrived in Britain with a set of lofty Bauhaus ideals held firmly in his grasp, had to resort in the end to taking photographs of Elan schoolboys and illustrating The Streetmarkets of London.

But if art in Exile's main ambition was to underline just how much great artistic talent was forced into Britain by the Nazis, it would, I think, have to be deemed unsuccessful. Schwitters is the only major artistic figure to play an important part in the show. Kokoschka, Heartfield, Gropius, Bruer, Moholy-Nagy make little more than token appearances.

Instead the organisers have deliberately concentrated on the lesser-known artists and it is they who give Art in Exile its dark, mangled air. Bits and pieces of achievement, whittled out of bits and pieces of career, have been raked out of the wurtine rubble.



Fechenbach's caricature of Hitler, 1943.

Moholy-Nagy, Gropius, Gabo, Bruer were so dismayed by the lack of encouragement, they received in Britain that they all moved on to America quickly to revolutionise architecture and design.

Others like Fechenbach and F. H. K. Henrich, whose belligerent, attention-grabbing posters are among the show's major rediscoveries, were either ignored, totally or diverted into academia, where they spluttered away, plausibly but impotently.

Thus the final observation made by this dark and fertile show is not that much talent was saved, but that a great opportunity was wasted.

Art in Exile at the Camden Arts Centre, Arkwright Road, London NW3, until October 5.

Driven to the arms of a devil

THEATRE by Michael Billington

ANY lingering suspicion that Alan Ayckbourn is a boulevard lightweight should be ruthlessly dispelled by Woman In Mind at the Vaudeville. It is about female frustration, despair, and madness and shows its heroine torn between reality and fantasy, God and the Devil. Yet, without trivialising its subject, it also manages to be very funny. Much improved since its Scarborough premiere last year, it goes even further than just Between Ourselves in pushing Ayckbourn's Comedy of Pain to its extremest limits.

Julia McKenzie plays (supremely) Susan, a middle-aged woman concussed by a blow on the head from a garden-rake. In the real world, she is tormented by the insufferable smugness of her vicar-husband, the lousy cooking and paranormal enthusiasms of her sister-in-law, and the unbroken silence of her son, who is part of a Trappist order in Hemel Hempstead.

After her concussion, she is prey to visitations from a fantasy family for whom she is the perfect wife, mother, and sister. Britain's leading historical novelist and a cherished figure to be feted with Dom Perignon 1978 in mid-morning. What makes the play technically adventurous and spiritually unearthing is that Ayckbourn allows the two worlds to collide as Susan finally spirals into total madness.

As our leading feminist dramatist, Ayckbourn is obviously writing about what happens to women when they are made to feel redundant as wives and mothers. "Sex," Susan says to her husband, "was once something we did together like gardening — now I have to do that on my own as well."

Much of the play's comedy springs from the vivid hideousness of Susan's surroundings: the unspeakable husband who has neglected her for the sake of a 60-page history of the parish since 1388 and the appalling sister-in-law who sprinkles Earl Grey tea on the omelette and who puts a visiting doctor to flight at the

prospect of her desert.

Ayckbourn is clearly writing about what drives women to distraction. But just as Way Upstream was a fable about evil, so this play, I believe, is really about the failings of modern religion. Susan's husband has turned the church into a specialised antiquarian interest. Her sister-in-law is the victim of psychic self-delusion and believes her dead husband is inscribing messages on her ceiling. And Susan's son represents a cranky, narcissistic sectarianism. Failed by God's representatives and Christian love, Susan literally flees into the arms of the Devil, and, although Ayckbourn is no Teilhard de Chardin, his play is quite astonishing in even airing spiritual issues on the degraded West End stage.

It is a much deeper play than it looks. It also works far better on a proscenium-stage than in-the-round because it is easier to establish the sheer otherness of Susan's alternative world: Roger Glossop's set and David Herscov's lighting create a sinister-seductive, J. M. Barrie-ish ambience full of receding poplars, marble statuary, Byzantine mazes. Ayckbourn's favourite set, a garden, turns from secret paradise into living nightmare.

Julia McKenzie also brings to Susan an extraordinary mixture of shrewdness, longing, hope, despair. Her face offers a total map of her emotions: one sees the light dim in her eyes as her son cruelly tells her she would have ruined any daughter as well. It is the performance of her career and she is admirably abetted by Martin Jarvis as a cardiganed vicar who talks in italics as if he has a portable pulpit and by Peter Blythe as the secretly admiring doctor who hides his emotions behind a guilty, nervous brav.

Maybe Ayckbourn (who directs with utter assurance) hasn't quite cracked the problem of the surreal climax. What is remarkable is that our most popular playwright has written a savage tragic-comedy about the light that failed.

A rich reward

SOMETHING rich and strange is currently taking place at the Drill Hall in Chancery Street: a production by Tara Arts of The Broken Thigh, written in the 4th century BC by the Sanskrit playwright Bhasa and itself based upon the great Indian epic, the Mahabharata. In its epic form and non-realistic style, it offers a radical alternative to most of the theatre available in London. It is also, frankly, a good way of familiarising oneself with the story before the Peter Brook-Jean Claude Carriere version arrives in Britain next year.

For the average Western spectator it is not always easy: in Bhasa's compressed version, the dynastic rivalry between the Kauravas and the Pandavas sometimes seems as inextricable as the York-Lancaster conflict in Shakespeare's Henry VI would be to many Indian audiences (a small genealogical chart in the programme might not be a bad idea). I also still have difficulty coming to terms with the figure of Krishna, who is both an all-knowing god full of wise saws ("A man lives a long life before realising the full extent of his dharm") and also someone who intervenes directly in the climactic war of destruction between the rival families. Fate determines the

outcome; but Krishna is not above giving the underdog a helping hand.

Jatinder Verma's production is worth seeing, however, partly because it is so different from our conventional expectations of drama: this is narrative theatre in language, action, dance and spectacle. The framework is provided by Krishna recounting to the child, Duryodhana, the story of the boy's militant father, Duryodhana, "the one who is difficult to conquer". Duryodhana is constantly at war with his cousins, the Pandavas. He strikes with one of them for the hand of the beautiful Draupadi, sets up a game of dice in which he strips them of their fortune and brings about their 13-year exile in a forest and eventually provokes the destruction of the earth in a titanic, climactic battle.

In Western terms, it is closer to Homer than Euripides. But Verma's production is surprisingly successful in conveying the epic arch of the story in a simple setting: a stony circle ringed by rocks and banners. For three hours (give or take the odd lounge) you are kept watching; above all, you are reminded that outside Western realism there is a world elsewhere.

WITH THE CONTRAS, by Christopher Dickey, Faber, £12.50. TURNING THE TIDE, US INTERVENTION IN CENTRAL AMERICA, by Noam Chomsky, Pluto, £5.95.

WHEN President Reagan addressed the nation recently to rally Congressional support for his \$100 million in open support for Nicaragua's contras he said on television: "I ask for your help in remembering our history in Central America so we can learn from the mistakes of the past. Too often our government appeared indifferent when democratic values were at risk. . . . The young men and women of the democratic resistance fight inside Nicaragua today in grueling mountain and jungle warfare. . . . Who among us would tell these brave young men and women — your dream is dead, your democratic revolution is over, you will never live in the free Nicaragua you fought so hard to build?"

President Reagan's speech-writers clearly haven't read Christopher Dickey's detailed and nasty account of the US relationship with these pathetic or crazed individuals.

Dickey was the Washington Post's correspondent in the area for nearly four years. In what seems like a strange fascination with the unheroic he spent much of his time with the contras in

Bankrupt in LA

By Clancy Sigal

LETTERS FROM HOLLYWOOD, by Michael Moorcock, with drawings by Michael Foreman (Harrop, £10.95).

THE only travel writers I trust are those with creatively bad tempers like Paul Theroux or someone like Michael Moorcock who is running away from his troubles. Moorcock, a Guardian fiction prize winner and science fantasy writer, fled to Southern California to escape wives, lawsuits, bankruptcy and several other London afflictions.

In a series of letters to the writer J. G. Ballard, he complains, moans, groans, lacerates himself and others — and it's terrific entertainment for the reader, because throughout he never loses his sharp, aghast, angry and affectionate eye for the often weird, lachry eyes he has a genius for ending up in.

Moorcock seems to function best when his back is to the wall. An "imminent bankruptcy with two pairs of jeans" and a cancelled credit card, "like a loose tumbleweed he bounces around the unfashionable but most interesting parts of Los Angeles — San Fernando Valley, Venice beach, West Hollywood — where scuzz and ethnic and criminal and criminally ambitious mingle, sometimes violently, to create "the first real city of the future." (Quite correct, he sees through San Francisco's waxen snobbery.)

While he's writing a script and watching a friend die, his self brain is soaking up LA's maddening, contradictory images: the street dogs howling in the night just before an earthquake, the police helicopters Vietnamising the city by constantly circling overhead, the commercial architecture that always turns out to be "authentic" copies not of something real but of a myth that was created originally in a Hollywood studio, the sun-blasted yet somehow comfortably wide streets that seem to end up in yet another version of someone else's fantasy. Moorcock loves LA partly because it exceeds his own most lurid nightmares and yet manages to be "a Midwesterner's dream of a true homeland" . . . an extended

BOOKS

Thugs of war

By Victoria Brittain

Honduras. Men whose nicknames reveal their lives — Suicide and El Muerto — became his companions. Their records as murderers and torturers with no political ideas or plans are spelt out in appalling descriptive passages. Dickey even went into Nicaragua with them on a destructive foray which nearly cost him his life.

In Miami, Tegucigalpa and Washington, Dickey talked to the men who invented this war. He joined the CIA chief William Casey and his men on a lightning two-day trip to their Central American domains.

Later, he listened to the baffled educated Nicaraguan frontmen whom Casey's executives had paid and flattered and lied to about the early success of their war. Talking about Suicides and his men the leaders of the contras would explain to Dickey that the terrible brutality and killings were a special case "something like My Lai". Dickey knew better — My Lai only symbolised the everyday horror of

Vietnam, and Suicides, before he was finally executed for his excesses, only symbolised the every day mindless horror of what we then called the "Secret War" in Central America.

Today it is a public war and the Congress's \$100 million is belted by another secret \$4 million from the CIA, according to the Senate Democratic leader Art Byrd.

By the end of Dickey's narrative the reader is left baffled as to how the most powerful country in the world has allowed key plank of its foreign policy depend on such an ineffective bunch of thugs.

Noam Chomsky's ambitious wide-ranging book comes in where Dickey leaves off. He goes into a fascinating and coherent picture not just Reagan's con in Nicaragua, but the for policy which underlies the destructive "aid" feeding an unwinnable war in Angola, Mozambique.

With a similar concern to P. dent Reagan's — of looking back US relations with all Central America — Chomsky concentrates particularly on the background of the US backed wars in El Salvador and Nicaragua. With a wealth of detail, from US policy towards Chi Minh, to the CIA coup Guatemala in 1954, he illustrates the American pattern of turn their national enemies into viet clients.

The blockade against Nicaragua like the US aid to Savimbi Angola, runs against US interests, pushing the country wards dependence on the Soviet Union but also, as Chomsky points out, in favour of a more import US interest which is "to justify attack against Nicaragua — US's freedom to rob and exploit" a key concept in Chomsky's thought.

Chomsky's book will not, I think, be as easy fashionable reading for those who enjoy mock the outrageous lies and limited perceptions of Reagan's Washington. But in spite of its dense prose it is rich reading for anyone trying to understand how the majority Congress came to collude with paying for aqualid, criminal, mutilate and murder teach nurses, priests and other organising peasants in Nicaragua for the dreams of education, and the right to work for yours

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Hero of the joanna

By Norman Shrapnel

THE PIANOPLAYERS, by Anthony Burgess (Hutchinson, £8.95).

WITH musicals made out of almost anything to hand, Anthony Burgess — who better entitled, with three symphonies as well as 30 novels to his name? — reverses the process and turns music into words. (Not entirely: The Pianoplayers ends with a page or two of unaccompanied music score, which almost suggests that future Burgess students may need a keyboard and basic strings as part of their critical equipment.)

Nothing highbrow, though, about this new novel. It has hit on a brilliant theme, low and heroic at the same time. Piano players — not to be confused with pianists, a superior but less exclusive performing breed — were the tireless, iron-fingered pros who thumped out the musical accompaniment in the old silent movie-houses, unsung Padreswaks of a thousand down-town Gaiety Majesties.

Superior cinema had orchestra, but how could an orchestra respond with the necessary immediacy? As the pianoplayers immerse themselves in the music, they could still be tastefully rendering Mendelssohn's Spring Song when the prairie was covered with snow.

He is teaching his daughter the true art on the never-tuned feapit joanna. "Here's a chord you can't do without — you use it for fights, burst dams, thunderstorms, the

voice of the Lord God, a wife telling her old man to bugger off out of the house and not come back never no more."

So far, never a wrong note. Another twist of the nostalgia peg? That, but more too. Burgess celebrates the memory of this rich, humble performing world better than anybody since Priestley. His air of light authority, *con amore* without ever cloying, exactly suits the material and the whole thing is kept alive by particularity — exact names, precise dates, essential professional equipment like those versatile stock chords: "CEG sharp, DFA sharp. Make it on any note, good for ghost music, Frankenstein, that sort of thing."

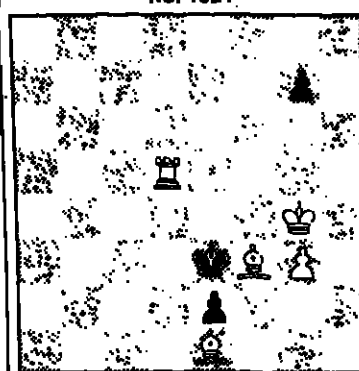
But the baddies, the dreaded Talkies, were drawing near — the Singing Fool, the backstage musicals, the canned voice of the new age. Almost overnight, the pianoplayers were dead. Literally in the case of Burgess's Billy, who passes away in a non-stop marathon in which all the tunes of his past life pass beneath his calloused fingertips. Monastery Garden, Bye Bye Blackbird, Ode to Joy with free variations, the lot.

What a way to go — and, you'd have thought, a natural ending for the novel too. But then Burgess does his best to spoil it all with an ill-fitting coda relating the arts of music to those of love. If it's any consolation, the pianoplayer produces a grandson who turns out to be a famous pianist.

Chess

By Leonard Barden

No. 1924



White mates in four moves, against any defence (by V. Balja, 1979).

Solution No. 1923:
White K at K3, Q at Q4, R at R6 and KR7, B at QB2, Ns at KR5 and KR6, P at KB4. Black K at K3, Q at QN3, Bs at QN1 and QN6, N at QB1, Ps at Q2 and KN3. Mate in two.
1 K-Q2 (threat 2 QxP) Q-Q3 2 B-N3, or if N-Q3 2 Q-K5, or if B-Q3 2 Q-B4, or if PxN 2 P-B5, or if P-Q3 2 Q-K4.

IF THE young juniors who did so well at the Lloyd Bank fulfil their promise and potential, Britain will have another generation of strong grandmasters in the 1990s. Michael Adams (5½/9) obtained his second IM norm at age 14 with a round to spare, and as in the British Championship looked already worth the title. In the very first round he outplayed the Indian No 2 Prasad, who has just become Commonwealth champion, in a game of impressive strategic and tactical control. Watch the white KR7 and QB take command of the long diagonal, the dance of white's KR, and the final sacrificial attack.

Michael Adams (England)
— Devaki Prasad (India)
Sicilian, Scheveningen (Lloyd Bank 1986)
1 P-K4 P-QB4 2 N-KB3 P-K3
3 P-Q4 PxP 4 NxP N-KB3
5 N-QB3 P-Q3 6 P-KN4 N-B3
7 P-N5 N-Q2 8 B-K3 N-N3
9 P-KR4 P-Q4 10 PxP PxP
11 Q-K2 B-K2 12 Q-O-O O-O
13 B-N2 B-QN5 14 N-QN8 P-QR3
15 BxP NxB 16 NxN Q-R4
17 NNQ-B3 BxN 18 P-R5 Q-R4
19 P-R5 Q-R4 20 P-R5 Q-R4
21 R-R4 P-N4 22 N-K4 B-B5

Black seems to have active play for his pawn, but White combines attack with defence to increase his advantage.

33 Q-K1 B-R7 34 P-R8 KR-K1
35 R-B4 Q-N3 36 P-Q6 R-K3
37 R-B4 BxP 38 PxP QxP(N2)
39 B-Q21 Q-K4 39 R-R4 B-B4
40 B-B3 Q-K3 40 N-B6 oh K-B1
41 NxP oh K-K2 42 Q-Q2 P-R4
43 R-R1

35 B-B6 looks quicker: K-K1 36 N-B6 Q-R7 37 R-K4 oh KN4 (BxR 38 Q-C7 oh) 38 Q-C6 oh KN4 39 R-KR4 B-R2 40 P-N6 PxP 41 RxB1
36 ... Q-R7 36 Q-K3 oh B-K3
37 Q-B5 oh K-Q2 38 N-B8 oh K-B2
39 N-K3 oh R-N 40 BxP oh K-N2
41 Q-N8 oh K-R1 42 QxN oh K-R2
43 B-N8 oh Resigns

Dharshan Kumar, aged 11 years 2 months and current world under-12 holder totalling 4/9 including wins over two 1986 British Men's Championship players, Matthew Sadler, 12 years 3 months, scored 5½/9, missed the IM norm by half a point, drew with IMs in his last four games, and achieved the youngest 2400 tournament rating performance in chess history. While Adams, as evidenced by the above game, is developing an all-court playing style in the mould of a junior Fischer, Sadler is a mini-Karpov or Petrosian who grinds opponents down and is tenacious under pressure.

Agdestein, at 19 the world's youngest GM and the first top class player over from Norway, wins here by exploiting a curious queen's side traffic jam:
GM Simen Agdestein (Norway)
— GM Johann Hjartarson (Iceland)
QP, Bogolyubov variation (Lloyd Bank 1986)

1 P-Q4 N-KB3 2 N-KB3 P-K3
3 P-B4 B-N5 oh 4 B-Q2 BxR oh
5 Q-N5 P-Q4 6 Q-B2 Q-O
7 P-KN2 P-QN3 8 PxP PxP
9 B-B1 N-R3 10 B-N2 B-B4
11 Q-O B-N2 12 P-N3 Q-K2
13 KR-K1 KR-K1 14 NxP N-B2
15 N-R4 P-N3 16 PxP PxP
17 P-QN4 P-B5 18 NxP PxN
19 BxP QR-N1 20 B-B3 PxP
21 Q-R3 N-N4 22 Q-R5 R-N1
23 N-KB1 P-QR3 24 P-R4 N-N5
25 R-Q3 Q-B1 26 PxN PxP
27 Q-R3 Q-B1 28 P-R3 N-B3
29 N-Q4 Resigns

White mates in four moves, against any defence (by V. Balja, 1979).

Solution No. 1923:
White K at K3, Q at Q4, R at R6 and KR7, B at QB2, Ns at KR5 and KR6, P at KB4. Black K at K3, Q at QN3, Bs at QN1 and QN6, N at QB1, Ps at Q2 and KN3. Mate in two.
1 K-Q2 (threat 2 QxP) Q-Q3 2 B-N3, or if N-Q3 2 Q-K5, or if B-Q3 2 Q-B4, or if PxN 2 P-B5, or if P-Q3 2 Q-K4.

IF THE young juniors who did so well at the Lloyd Bank fulfil their promise and potential, Britain will have another generation of strong grandmasters in the 1990s. Michael Adams (5½/9) obtained his second IM norm at age 14 with a round to spare, and as in the British Championship looked already worth the title. In the very first round he outplayed the Indian No 2 Prasad, who has just become Commonwealth champion, in a game of impressive strategic and tactical control. Watch the white KR7 and QB take command of the long diagonal, the dance of white's KR, and the final sacrificial attack.

Michael Adams (England)
— Devaki Prasad (India)
Sicilian, Scheveningen (Lloyd Bank 1986)
1 P-K4 P-QB4 2 N-KB3 P-K3
3 P-Q4 PxP 4 NxP N-KB3
5 N-QB3 P-Q3 6 P-KN4 N-B3
7 P-N5 N-Q2 8 B-K3 N-N3
9 P-KR4 P-Q4 10 PxP PxP
11 Q-K2 B-K2 12 Q-O-O O-O
13 B-N2 B-QN5 14 N-QN8 P-QR3
15 BxP NxB 16 NxN Q-R4
17 NNQ-B3 BxN 18 P-R5 Q-R4
19 P-R5 Q-R4 20 P-R5 Q-R4
21 R-R4 P-N4 22 N-K4 B-B5

Black seems to have active play for his pawn, but White combines attack with defence to increase his advantage.

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5 N-QB3 P-Q3 6 P-KN4 N-B3
7 P-N5 N-Q2 8 B-K3 N-N3
9 P-KR4 P-Q4 10 PxP PxP
11 Q-K2 B-K2 12 Q-O-O O-O
13 B-N2 B-QN5 14 N-QN8 P-QR3
15 BxP NxB 16 NxN Q-R4
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5 N-QB3 P-Q3 6 P-KN4 N-B3
7 P-N5 N-Q2 8 B-K3 N-N3
9 P-KR4 P-Q4 10 PxP PxP
11 Q-K2 B-K2 12 Q-O-O O-O
13 B-N2 B-QN5 14 N-QN8 P-QR3
15 BxP NxB 16 NxN Q-R4
17 NNQ-B3 BxN 18 P-R5 Q-R4
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exploiting a curious queen's side traffic jam:

GM Simen Agdestein (Norway)
— GM Johann Hjartarson (Iceland)
QP, Bogolyubov variation (Lloyd Bank 1986)
1 P-Q4 N-KB3 2 N-KB3 P-K3
3 P-B4 B-N5 oh 4 B-Q2 BxR oh
5 Q-N5 P-Q4 6 Q-B2 Q-O
7 P-KN2 P-QN3 8 PxP PxP
9 B-B1 N-R3 10 B-N2 B-B4
11 Q-O B-N2 12 P-N3 Q-K2
13 KR-K1 KR-K1 14 NxP N-B2
15 N-R4 P-N3 16 PxP PxP
17 P-QN4 P-B5 18 NxP PxN
19 BxP QR-N1 20 B-B3 PxP
21 Q-R3 N-N4 22 Q-R5 R-N1
23 N-KB1 P-QR3 24 P-R4 N-N5
25 R-Q3 Q-B1 26 PxN PxP
27 Q-R3 Q-B1 28 P-R3 N-B3
29 N-Q4 Resigns



Reading the situation perfectly, Zia now ruffed a diamond, drew the outstanding trumps in three rounds and exited with the two of spades, forcing West to win and return a club into South's tenace.

I played the following hand with Zia Mahmoud in the Madeira Bridge Festival. It is a good example of our simple but effective bidding style.

THE BIDDING:
NORTH EAST SOUTH WEST
2D NB 2C NB
3D NB 4C Double
5C(1) NB 5S NB
6H NB NB NB

(1) North made imaginative use of the opportunity to show his first-round control in a suit bid naturally by his partner; he could not possibly want to play in 5C once South had been doubled in 4C, and the inference was that he was cue-bidding with hearts as the agreed suit.

West showed a great deal of interest in the auction and asked for all kinds of explanations afterwards. This point did not pass unnoticed by Zia, who took full advantage of the inferences in the play of his tricky last contract.

West led the eight of diamonds to the queen and king, and declarer ruffed and immediately ruffed a club in dummy. A spade to the ace, a club ruff, a spade to the king and another club ruff left the following position:

NORTH
♦ J 10
♠ J 7 5 4 2
♥ —
♣ —

WEST
♦ Q
♠ 8 4
♥ K 10
♣ —

EAST
♦ 9
♠ 7 5
♥ A 10 9 8
♣ —

SOUTH
♦ —
♠ —
♥ —
♣ —

WEST
♦ Q
♠ 8 4
♥ K 10
♣ —

EAST
♦ 9
♠ 7 5
♥ A 10 9 8
♣ —

SOUTH
♦ —
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♥ —
♣ —

WEST
♦ Q
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♥ K 10
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♥ A 10 9 8
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